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IN TWENTY TWENTY-NINE

A Forecast of the Everyday Life of Our Descendants

THE EARL OF BIRKENHEAD

ANY attempt to forecast the daily lives of our descendants a hundred years hence, must primarily concern itself with the instinctive mental assumptions that are likely to be current among normal men and women in the year 2029.

A universal acceptance of the dogmas of Roman Catholic Christianity conditioned the nature of that civilization which we loosely consider as the Middle Ages. The feudal system of land tenure with its concomitant social pyramid—capped by the mystical and anointed person of God's regent, the King, and supported on the bowed backs of a semi-servile peasantry tied to the land they cultivated—depended for its very existence on the sanctions and machinery of the Roman Catholic Church. The feudal system determined the life of all Christendom through several centuries; no man escaped its rigid classifications or might presume to challenge its efficacy unpunished. When the Renaissance, followed by the Reformation, destroyed the universal acceptance of Catholicism, feudal society dissolved and vanished.

The belief that the city-state was the most admirable variety of commonwealth, involved Italy in some seven centuries of civil war and political instability. The same faith, impressed on the Greek world by Plato, was the ultimate cause which left the highest civilization evolved by human intelligence an easy prey to the onslaughts of Macedonia.

Similar examples of how beliefs condition the lives of nations might be multiplied, for the essence of history consists in detecting and analyzing the relationship between ideals and their social results. The two I have already mentioned, however, will serve to indicate that the religious, economic and philosophic faiths of our descendants, at least as much as the material resources at their command, will regulate the daily round of their existence.

In common with my readers, I believe myself to live in a universe of three-dimensional Euclidean space, on a globe resembling an orange in shape, which circles, as one among several planets, round the sun—itself a small and "very ordinary" star, among the millions of such masses of

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incandescent gas which are disposed in empty space.

All these surprising facts concerning the universe I accept as true. They form an integral part of my mental background. I believe in them as implicitly as a thirteenth-century peasant believed in a personal Devil and a material Hell. However, I believe in them for exactly the same reason—because I have been assured of their truth by persons who appear to deserve credence. It is certain that by years of application and experiment I could check all the evidence which science advances in support of her conception of the universe; and, to this extent, I am in a position superior to that enjoyed by my thirteenth-century predecessor, who could not expect independently to verify his belief in Hell without first ending his earthly career. But I am exactly his equal in credulity. Concerning departments of life in which I have no personal experience, I unhesitatingly accept the best opinion of experts in those departments and mold my conduct in accordance with a faith in that opinion.

My descendants in 2029 will certainly continue in my example, as I in that of my ancestors; but they will believe in a very different universe from mine. The full implications of Professor Einstein's theories have yet to be explored, but beyond a doubt they will revolutionize human conceptions of space, time and the material universe. By 2029 Einsteinian physics will provide the instinctive background to all men's minds. Exactly how the universe will appear to our descendants cannot easily now be predicted; probably it will be as different from our own universe as our own is from a medieval's, who firmly regarded the sun as a planet of a flat earth.

Before this revolution is accomplished, there will occur a transitive period, during which Newtonian and Einsteinian conceptions, contradictory though they may be, will simultaneously color men's minds. The possibility of a logical contradiction passing unperceived, even by a powerful intellect, is afforded in "Paradise Lost." Milton ranks as perhaps the most learned of English poets; yet in his epic, he assumes the truth both of Ptolemaic astronomy, which fixed the earth as the immovable center of the universe, and of the then new-fashioned Galilean system, which recognized the earth as a planet of the sun.

The fact that our descendants will have absorbed Einstein by 2029 presupposes that they will receive a far greater measure of scientific education than is now usual. The whole tendency of modern life places increasing reliance in the methods and mental apparatus of science. One after another differing branches of knowledge are being reduced to sciences, where results and discoveries may be exactly expressed in the invariable terms of mathematical expression. Biology, various departments of medicine and physiology to-day approach the exactitude of expression which formerly distinguished only physics among natural sciences.

This taste among scientists for mathematical methods has grown because it satisfies the modern mental complexion; because we believe

in reducing truths of nature to succinct symbols common to all languages; because we trust in the infallibility of mathematics, where our forefathers believed in the infallibility of St. Thomas Aquinas.

In consequence of this belief our descendants of 2029 will express themselves and their personalities largely through the channels and machinery of science. An almost blind faith in science distinguishes our lives to-day. This faith, I suggest, will deepen in intensity throughout the twentieth century; until by 2029 it may well dominate human life as thoroughly as a belief in current Roman Catholic theology dominated the Middle Ages.

We believe in our physicians as firmly as the naked African believes in his witch-doctor. We do their bidding, though the prescribed regimen frequently involves inconvenience, absurdity and little short of actual hardship. We frame laws and modify society in accordance with their instructions. Their grip upon the body politic has grown even firmer than the sway exercised over the minds of former statesmen by such doctrinaire economists as Adam Smith, Ricardo and Bentham. But by 2029 doctors of medicine will not be the only scientific specialists whose decisions will modify the life and conduct of the normal citizen.

During the next century biology promises definite and sweeping advances. The secrets of human heredity will undoubtedly receive elucidation; the vague nonsense which now masquerades as "eugenics," will be replaced by an exact science. Its experts will claim, for example, to predict with accuracy the physical and mental nature of the children born of any particular marriage. Suppose that it is established beyond doubt that the union of A with B must inevitably produce children of a type C, congenitally criminal and mentally repulsive. Then, no matter what outcry is raised by the adherents of various religious denominations, the state will legislate either to prohibit such a marriage or to compel sterilization.

Conversely, when the eugenist can predict that the marriage of D with E must inevitably produce offspring of robust physique, endowed with first-class intelligence, that state will perish which does not actively encourage such unions among its citizens.

Both these eugenic predictions and many more of a similar nature will be commonplace in 2029. Consequently young people who contemplate marriage, will first be forced to discover what variety of children their union would produce; and the mating of certain types, themselves innocuous, known to be disastrous in its consequences, will be sternly prohibited.

Such proposals sound repugnant, but in essence they are reasonable and even romantic. At present, by segregating them in prisons during the major portion of their adult life, we place an effective brake upon the fecundity of our incurable criminals. Our descendants will adopt the more effective precaution of preventing the birth of those who must inevitably grow up with anti-social proclivities. Prevention is better than Broadmoor.

A similar reliance upon and belief

in the result of science will constrain, not only the choice of a spouse, but all the other individual acts of will. I am persuaded, on good authority, that by 2029 psychology too will rank among the exact sciences.

I am aware that already to-day many learned professors claim psychology as a science. They are premature. It remains a branch of learning in which a great mass of varied and seemingly contradictory facts have been amassed; but whose inchoate complexities have never been simplified in the light of comprehensive and tenable theory. The essence of a scientific theory consists in its power not only to account for all the ascertained facts, but also to induce new discoveries in its particular sphere. It is notorious that to-day as many "theories" of psychology flourish as professors exist to live upon them.

Psychology remains in the condition from which the atomic theory raised chemistry. Nevertheless I believe that during the present century a Dalton will illuminate it by postulating a theory to coördinate all its data, and to expose the workings of the human mind with scientific certainty.

When this psychological theory arrives; when a belief in its truth grows established in the common mind; a prodigious revolution in everyday life must occur.

At present crude and blundering psychological methods are employed by all who seek to influence their fellow-men—by propagandists, advertisers, playwrights and, above all, by politicians. On the day when psychology is reduced to an exact science, the advertiser who hopes to attract custom by a speciously colored poster will be impotent against the scientific expert, able to compound an advertisement which, he can predict, must fascinate every beholder possessed of a certain mentality. The author relying for a living on the sales of novels produced as works of art, will starve when books written so that their appeal is inevitable and irresistible are first issued by astute publishing houses. The playwright whose scenes are salted merely by his own native wit, will not hold the stage against plays whose lines are peppered with verbal felicities guaranteed by psychological theory to bring down the house.

These are perhaps far-fetched examples, but they illustrate the inevitable consequences of the reduction of psychology to an exact science. In sober truth, this event—and it is an event which *will* happen, not one which *may* happen—will transform all our everyday occupations and pleasures.

Most particularly it will revolutionize politics. In any society, however organized, political power depends on the ability to persuade the most powerful section of citizens that a certain régime is desirable. In democracies that section is the electoral majority; in other states it may be an armed and powerful minority organized to discipline the majority to its will. In democracies the electorate may be persuaded to favor one party rather than another by appeals to blind prejudice, ignoble passions and unreasoning fears. Nor has the party manager at his disposal any certain means of prophesying which variety of appeal will carry

the day in a general election—whether reasoned argument, patriotic sentiment or mere rhetoric. A scientific psychology will abruptly dispel such uncertainties. No political party will enjoy the chance of stampeding the nation in its own favor, once such a science is established.

Scientific psychology may destroy the possibility of conducting politics any longer on purely party lines. The voters, educated in the light of the new psychology, will be immune from specious appeals to sentiment and illogical reasoning. They will be competent to support this or that project strictly on its merits, unswayed by rhetoric, unhampered by prejudice.

That our present party system, or anything remotely resembling it, could survive under such conditions, is unlikely. The main conflicts would arise temporarily between the adherents and opponents of a projected measure. For example, a dispute such as now rages between the partizans of the gold standard and those other economists, who deem England's present industrial depression the certain fruit of a too hasty return to the gold standard after the war, might well be imagined as distracting the political world of 2029. But a fixed and deep cleavage of opinion, comparable to that which divides the present constitutional parties from the Communists will be impossible; because the trained minds of the nation will be satisfied that the philosophy which inspires one of these parties is true, and its converse false.

Instead of party politics, our descendants will probably be content with the rule of experts, who will seek a popular sanction for each measure they propose through a referendum. Naturally they will account it an honor to be chosen to the Parliament of skilled governors; and the qualifications necessary for selection to it will be exacting and formidable. I do not believe that so sweeping a modification as this in our institutions will be wholly completed by the year 2029; nor do I imagine that it will be effected by any sudden violence of change. It will occur gradually and inevitably, once party politics are paralyzed by the growth of psychology to the ordered logic of an exact science.

Another among our almost unconscious faiths which will mold the everyday life of 2029 is our belief in the value of education. To-day we expend an increasing proportion of the nation's revenue on education of every variety. A dispassionate observer would not greatly misjudge us were he to conclude that we attach a mystical and supernatural value to education for its own sake. From the clamorously expressed opinions of many educationalists he might deduce that we consider schooling the young, whatever the results the treatment produced, in the light of a holy occupation.

Personally I share the faith of my generation, and believe that every child should receive the opportunity of obtaining the best and most thorough education which scientific pedagogues can devise. And here, in parenthesis, I may observe that every English-speaking boy and girl of ability at present enjoys such an opportunity to a degree unknown in other lands or other ages.

But I do not believe that the normal curriculum of higher education which exists in this country is equally suitable to train all natures and aptitudes. At present our educational machine is designed to fit its products for a certain range of activities —for government service, the law, medicine, teaching. Its elasticity is controlled, and inevitably so, by the requirements of certain boards of examiners and the current notions of scholarship accepted by our universities.

In 2029 a greatly modified and extended educational system will influence the life and manners of our descendants. The problem of the ordinary citizen a century hence will not concern his working-hours, but his leisure. During each month, he may spend one week engaged in monotonous but enormously productive toil. In return for this labor he will receive wages sufficient to maintain himself and his family in superb comfort through three following weeks of complete leisure. Unless he is a highly educated individual, so much idleness will hang heavy on his hands, if indeed it is not filled by actively mischievous pursuits. Three consecutive weeks of continuous football-match attendance, cinema-going, betting, crossword solving and newspaper reading would cloy upon even the most determined of uneducated hedonists. Therefore it will be necessary for the citizen of 2029 to command intellectual amusements with which to occupy his days.

The creation of wealth, however, will have grown so simple by 2029, that the state will be able to afford a complete education for each of her children. Every child, as a matter of course, will pass on from school to university; not until he reaches his majority will the youth of 2029 be faced with the task of earning his own living. The training he receives will be far more complete and various than can now be obtained. Educational experts will make a careful study of each pupil who passes through their hands, with the aim of discovering for what activity nature and inclination best equips him. Who shows a bent for scientific inquiry will be trained as a research worker and enabled to join the ranks of those searchers after truth who will be the governing class. Whose mastery over his fellows is apparent will be qualified for an executive position where he may best employ his gift for handling men. Whose gifts are manual rather than mental will learn the secrets of a craft and devote his life to adorning the lives of his fellows.

All this, idyllic in contemplation, will be rendered practical by the conquest of poverty; and, for reasons which I have previously outlined, I believe that by 2029 this conquest, though not complete, will be in sight.

Universal higher education, however, may entail awkward and unforeseen consequences in ordinary domestic life. Girls, of course, no less than boys, will be given the chance to discover what work best suits their abilities. In consequence many thousands of young and intelligent women will grow up devoted to this art or that science. Such devotion will not, presumably, debar them from marriage. But the faculty

for self-expression, once practised, is hard to discontinue, and I imagine that these young women, in the intervals left to them by eugenic child-bearing and devotion to their husbands, will desire to continue their chosen careers. They will have little time or inclination for domestic tasks. Running a household will not appeal to them as a suitable activity for an intelligent and vital woman.

Servants, moreover, to whom they might delegate such tasks, will undoubtedly have ceased to exist in a world where thirteen weeks' labor in a year can produce a comfortable competence.

It is certain, therefore, that the ordinary household arrangements which suffice to-day, will prove inadequate for the needs of 2029. Despite the myriad "labor-saving devices" which will doubtless have multiplied by that date, and will have converted the domestic interior into the semblance of a machine-shop, many married couples will find housekeeping beyond their powers. Perhaps they may find refuge in large communal establishments, equipped with private bedrooms and studies, but sharing refectories, libraries, music-rooms, lounges, nurseries and kitchens. The management of these synthesized homes may be undertaken by that large number of women who adorn every generation, and who, to the eternal benefit of their friends and relations, find their greatest happiness in discharging the duties of housekeeper or nurse.

I do not believe that any amount of organized higher education can turn such women from domestic occupations and cares. And though the part they play in the life of 2029 may be less spectacular and dazzling than that of their more intellectually acute sisters, their honor and fame may be as high. A few years ago a noticeable body of opinion deprecated the woman who was content to rule her household, inspire and comfort her husband, and bring up her children in fine traditions. That mood is passing; in the future such women will be increasingly honored, though in every station of life, families will live more in public, less at home. Indeed by 2029 home life as we understand it may have become the quaint privilege of honeymoon couples and old folk, whose work in the world is accomplished.

Concerning the externals of life in 2029, I must confess to a certain indifference, though perhaps some forecast cannot be omitted here. In such departments as dress, for example, I can believe that radical and, to our eyes, startling changes will occur. Women by casting away their trailing draperies and figure-distorting corsets have, in the last decade, gained enormously in health, vitality and beauty. Unless men wish to be left behind the opposite sex in physical and mental fitness, it is plain that they must follow women's example, and rid themselves of their present fashions, which, convenient though they are, are unhealthy in that they constrict the neck, forbid the tonic properties of sunlight reaching the body, are too heavy, and, in regard to the external garments, collect dirt.

Similarly taste in amusements, decoration, literature, music and all the other arts will make many

revolutions before 2029, if we may judge by the example of previous centuries. To trace the probable future development of such matters as taste, is an unprofitable speculation. The idiosyncrasy of one outstanding genius may modify a branch of the arts for a century in a purely arbitrary manner. Samuel Johnson ruled English letters for a generation; Louis XIV imposed the canons of French "classic" architecture on the rest of Europe until his great-great-grandson's head fell to the guillotine; Ruskin, by magnificently persuasive rhetoric allied with a mediocre taste, passed off a galaxy of third-rate pictures and fifth-rate architecture on the supremely gullible Victorian public as supreme works of genius. In the process he nearly ruined Oxford. Another Johnson, now struggling with syntax at his preparatory school, may rise to dominate written English; a dictator among architects may denounce and destroy the skyscraper; a new Ruskin may send our grandchildren into ecstasies over a Lord Leighton yet unborn.

Yet, I believe that, a century hence, our descendants will move in a clarified mental atmosphere, as bracing as the Swiss air of midwinter. They will be able to view circumstances in a sharp outline, untroubled by hazes and shadows. But like the mountain air, the atmosphere will be cold as well as tonic. It will be less genial, less charitable, less mellow than the autumn air which has now superseded the romantic fogs of the nineteenth century. A dispassionate lust for scientific inquiry, an impersonal taste for realities at all costs, will surely typify their attitude toward life.

We, at present, are escaping from the most personal and subjective era in the world's history; an age when personality has been glorified and exalted above all else. I believe that by reaction, and through the ever-growing importance of scientific method and results, the declining years of the twentieth century will be distinguished by an insistence on the objective in all departments of human activity.

Thus by 2029 men and women will seem, judged by our standards, harsh and unemotional. They will have recaptured and transformed into new fashions, the precision, lucid sense and keen criticism which distinguished the small educated world of the eighteenth century. Wit rather than humor, comedy rather than farce, reason rather than sentiment, polish rather than naïveté, ingenuity rather than ingenuousness will be valued. It will be an age in which Cæsar or Voltaire might repeat his famous triumphs; but where Garibaldi would lack his need of glory and Dickens would sob in vain.

So intimately is the history of civilization bound up with the expression of gigantic personalities, that a single individual may arise in Europe or America to reshape the mold of life before 2029. Another and a greater Wesley may call back our grandchildren to fervent emotional Pantheism, and recall the religious wars which racked the seventeenth century. A new and delicious Helen, inflaming the laboratories, may launch a thousand airships and bring to ruin New York's topless towers. A Puritan revulsion, headed by Senussite Comstocks, may sweep

over us, quenching the arts and reconstituting the taboos of the nineteenth century. A mad dictator, jealous of Western progress, may precipitate a war, compared with which our recent military experiences will count as child's play, and which will finally burn up and destroy Western civilization, so that coming generations in China and New Zealand will know it for no more than a memory and a name. But against this peril I pin my faith upon the genius of the Anglo-Saxon race.

ENOUGH

MARGARET EMERSON BAILEY

For that strange pattern which we two have made,
I would have wished a texture like the grain
Of linen, cool, immaculate and plain,
And not the rich flamboyance of brocade;
Or lacking linen the stout servitude
Of a sprigged calico in which one rent
Was turned into a wife's accomplishment,
Marking the fabric patched as no less good.

Half through brocade and half through flimsy stuff
The pattern ran—and yet it is enough
That this same hand, so purposeless and lax
To bind the border with tag-ends of flax,
Used the last needleful ere he was dead,
To stitch through shoddy, one stanch, golden thread.

The Parrot

Could Be Everything But Herself

Vincent Sheean

Jane Morrell was so agitated that for a moment she forgot whether it was Southern Chivalry or the Yankee Postmistress that she was obliged to do next. She set herself right by consulting the program she had stuck into the mirror of her dressing-table. It was the Yankee Postmistress.

"Wal, I never!" she said to the mirror, adopting already the tone and measure of her next impersonation. "Chuck!"

She shuddered slightly at the sound of her own voice. How many absurdities, how many foolish disasters, had this habit of impersonation brought upon her! What did she care about the Yankee Postmistress, after all? But there they were, outside in the theater, all those people, waiting for a Yankee Postmistress. And they had paid well for their seats. She would have to be out there in a moment, saying "Wal, I never!" and scratching her chin, or they would all presently rise and go home, demanding the return of their money. She would supply the Yankee Postmistress on schedule: she had never failed them yet. But she would have liked to be sure whether Chuck was there or not, in the audience.

She had his note before her on the dressing-table. "Dear Jane," it said, "I want to talk to you to-night if it is possible. I hope you will forgive me for this and for everything else. Let me see you after your performance is over, anyway. I must talk to you to-night. Chuck."

She buckled her belt about her, straightened the front of her dress, and put out her cigarette. "Tell the usher," she said to her maid, "to tell the gentleman who wrote the note that I shall be glad to see him after the performance." She folded the note up carefully and put it into her handbag. She wondered if Chuck were in the audience. She supposed he was. But perhaps he was only hanging about the theater, waiting for her performance to be finished. He had always hated her work. "Parrot," he had called her. "Parrot." Well, perhaps he was right. Perhaps she had always been a parrot.

But here she was in front of a large audience, holding them quiet and fascinated by the swift sureness of her words. They did not believe she was a Yankee Postmistress. She did not believe she was a Yankee Postmistress. But they were dazzled by the sights and sounds she made for them with her hands, her expressive eyes and mouth, and her voice—

particularly her voice. With her voice she could do anything—anything, that is, except keep Chuck. It was her voice that had driven him away. He couldn't even tell what her natural accent was, he had said. Her voice defeated him: it spoke in a million ways, and they all came from the larynx. She could be queen or courtezan or peasant with her voice, but she could not be herself. She had not even tried for years. That is, since Chuck.

Here on the stage alone, with an audience darkling at her feet, she could feel strong enough to do without herself—without the self which Chuck wanted, at any rate—which she thought perhaps (does one ever know? she asked) did not exist. She had enough selves without that one. But Chuck had never been reasonable. He thought because he built objects out of iron and stone that everything else must have a structural, inner solidity: he could never realize how unlike herself she always was—how two o'clock flashed into three, and nine into ten, like colors spinning on a wheel, so that she could not stop the changing or try to stabilize the prism. It had nothing to do with sincerity, she felt sure. She had always been sincere with an infinitely variable sincerity—now the Yankee Postmistress and then Southern Chivalry, but always sincere. She was sure (taking her bows here, as she always did, with an erect and friendly impersonality) that Chuck would have understood her better if he had had more patience with her work. He had always been impatient with her work—her "art," she had generally called it in those days. Once, in one of those brief but bitter quarrels that had preceded the end, he had told her that her work had all the esthetic significance of a trained flea's. "You ought to be in vaudeville, between the acrobats and the ventriloquist," he said. She remembered every moment of that scene, in which she had been very haughty indeed. "Lady Clara Vere de Vere," he had also called her. How one could be simultaneously a trained flea and Lady Clara Vere de Vere was difficult to understand, but there seemed no limit to the things Chuck thought she could be. If she abandoned haughtiness in favor of a tender sympathy, he would say: "For God's sake don't! I can't bear the G-string."

At other moments he would accuse her of being coy or romantic or frivolous, always as if there were in her case a deliberate intent in the expression of these attributes that robbed them of their share in the universal coyness, romanticism or frivolity. He really did not seem to believe anything she said or did. How he could have loved such an incredible composition she often wondered. But he had loved her, whatever he might say now. She could remember hundreds of proofs of that love—so grateful and soft, like furs on a winter's night, and so good for her work. She had learned new accents from Chuck. Half of the best of her work would never have existed without him, she thought. What he called the "G-string" had been vastly enriched by his passage. Even to-night (she was now doing the Little Match Girl, which she herself preferred to The Yankee

Postmistress, it was so brave, so sad!) those three old women in the upper box on the left were weeping at her brave G-string. She had learned a great deal from Chuck. And to have his love again, if he meant to offer it (or even if he didn't) she would do anything he asked. She would be herself, if she could find any sort of satisfactory self to be. Probably he had been right, at least in part, when he supposed her to be always unreal. She had been pretty unreal ten years ago, even on the stage. Once, in one of those dreadful last interviews, she had said to Chuck as disdainfully as she could: "I daresay what you mean is that I'm always acting." And he had responded: "Acting? Acting? You're not even acting! You're only imitating—always imitating—you're a parrot!" Infinitely disagreeable, he could be (the Little Match Girl, having elicited the last tear from the old ladies in the upper left box, here departed from the stage).

But those disagreeable scenes, which lingered so sharply in the memory now, had been very few and all toward the end. For the most part he had been like food and heat to her, dear Chuck—she could never have gone on without him—warm, necessary Chuck. She wondered how he would be now. The ironic grin and the dark, loose hair, she supposed, would have been made a little more respectable in ten years. She hoped he did not wear high collars and talk about the stock-market. But he had made money, as she knew from Cousin Mamie, and money sometimes encompasses these wonders. It had not, she felt, done so much to her. To be sure she had not made a fortune, but she lived very comfortably, and her vogue showed no signs of diminishing. She was in fact highly successful, even if she was a parrot (she smiled archly into the mirror, and then corrected the expression into a becoming wistfulness). If Chuck came back to her—if he came back—she would be no expense to him—no trouble—

But her heart had given a bound, and she could scarcely breathe. What was it, then? If Chuck came back—! All her veins were filled with the possibility. Love, she thought, love! The dried leaves of her life were blown up and the spring was beneath them, where Chuck had left it years ago. This was love. He would come back, and she would be happy—ten years could be forgotten—she was young and could be in love. She was only thirty-seven. Her eyes and her cheeks in the mirror assured her of love. Damn the Little Match Girl! she exulted: I'll show him I can be as real as any woman in love—as real as spring and a swift ride over the hills. So tall and tremulous she felt now, as she stood there in front of the mirror. How real this was, how blessedly, beautifully real! She did love Chuck, and she would tell him so at once, quite simply—no, not simply; he would not believe it; but passionately, fervently, with every ounce of the force of the spring within her. He would have to believe this; it was so true that it almost shocked her in its intensity. He would say "Jenny darling" and she could then be enveloped by his warmth and his necessity, after ten years.

There had been a sort of hard,

businesslike asceticism in her life, she knew. She had worked too much, she had been too single of purpose. That was it. She had never had time for love—since Chuck. But now, if Chuck came back—

It was time to go on the stage again for her last number. She half wished she had not chosen this for her last thing to-night. It was a brilliant example of her work, in which she talked to five imaginary personages in as many languages and made them all live through a little drama of her own contriving. As she went from one side of the stage to the other, running through her brilliant scales of expression, language and voice, she wondered if Chuck were out there saying "Parrot!" and "Trained flea!" at her across the footlights. She could not see him, although she swept her glance over row after row in orchestra and balcony. Now that the moment of realization was over, and she knew that she loved him again (or still), she had time to hope that he would not be forever hostile to her work. After all, there were not many women living who could do what she could do—hold a stage alone, give it depth and breadth and life, populate it with her imagination and her voice. Chuck had always been unfair to her work. Oh, she knew it well enough; it was jealousy in its essence, this rigid animosity. But if, in spite of her best logic, Chuck proved obstinate, she was prepared to love him just the same, she realized, and to argue no more.

For as she dressed in front of the mirror Jane Morrell perceived that here was her best remaining chance of life. She was thirty-seven now; she was no longer in her very first youth; she had no gift for interesting men; she had worked too hard, too earnestly; she had no lightness at all. It was extraordinary to think what a small part love had played in her experience. After Chuck there had been nothing.

But her veins were distended again with the same anxiety, the same apprehension, of love. Her fingers were not steady as they arranged her flowers and straightened her hat. She *must* not fail, she thought suddenly, and there was an ice of agony over her for a second: she could not fail. If Chuck came back only to be lost again—but she could not see through such blackness. It would have to be all right, because she would be as pure and ardent as a village girl in her first love-affair. Even Chuck would have to believe her. The ice and darkness were gone now. She felt confident again, but curiously shy, as she went to the door.

He was waiting for her.

"Chuck!" she said in a low voice, and put out both her hands. He did not look very different. She was conscious of an effort to keep from putting her arms about him: the maid and an electrician were standing there, interested. "Let's go home, to my flat," she said to him, "and get some food. It's quiet at my place."

"It's good to see you, Jenny," he said. He was looking at her in a way which made her spine and her heart intractable. She had not experienced such sensations for years—if, indeed, ever. The oddity of the feeling was gone in a moment, and she could

enjoy it. She took his arm and whispered, "Dear Chuck!" They went outside and got into a taxi.

"Oh, so much to say, and where to begin!" she said. They sat in opposite corners of the taxi and he looked at the back of the driver's neck. She put her hand out and found his. "What's happened to you, Chuck?" she asked. Her voice was very low and tender. Then she remembered that she must not listen to her own voice: she had always hated the way she listened to her own voice. She would force herself to listen only to his, she resolved—if she could, and if he would ever speak.

"You've married and grown rich and distinguished," she said. "Cousin Mamie has kept me informed, so far. But the details?—and what are you like now, Chuck dear?"

"About as always," he said. "And so are you, Jenny. My wife died, you know. And I'm neither so distinguished nor so rich as you think Cousin Mamie said I was. I'm just about as always."

"That's good," she said. "I wouldn't have you different. Were you in the audience to-night? I wondered all during the last part of the program."

He stirred slightly and put his free hand to his head.

"No, I wasn't in the theater at all," he answered at last. "I wanted to see—you, that's all."

She pressed his hand.

"Dear Chuck," she said. He was motionless, dark and formidable there in his corner, without identity except when he spoke or when some street light reached his head and reassured her with the familiar profile. They fell into a silence that lasted until the taxicab drew up before her door. It seemed to her that she was afraid—afraid of listening to her own voice, perhaps. She would not admit to herself that what she feared might be failure, that failure with Chuck which she had determined was not possible to-night. But as they got out of the motor she was aware of another new sensation, an overwhelming terror. It sat upon her chest so that she would not have dared try to speak. It was exactly the sensation she had heard described as stage-fright, which no stage had ever been able to evoke in her. Before the elevator had reached her floor she knew it for what it was, the panic fear of failure with Chuck. That was it, and she must drive it out. She *would* not fail.

"Shall we get some food in the kitchen?" she asked, gaily, as they came into the flat. "No maids, no servants: we must forage for ourselves." She recognized the tone as that of the New York Society Girl in one of her most celebrated sketches. But perhaps Chuck had never heard that sketch. And she would try not to listen to her own voice. "There'll be eggs, anyway," she said.

They scrambled some eggs and he sat and looked at her. His hair was still loose and dark, his eyes rather disconcerting. She could not help listening to the sound of her own voice: she did not know how not to listen to it any more. If she must choose a voice, then, she decided, let it be the gayest one. She could not bear the silence which filled the little kitchen when her efforts ceased.

"Haven't you ever come to see

and hear me in all these years, you ogre?" she demanded. "I've looked for you in audiences always, and never have seen you. I wish you had heard me to-night. I think even you would be forced to admit that I've improved."

"Oh, yes," Chuck said, "you've improved. I used to go to hear you every time I could—until the last year or two. You've improved wonderfully. I used to go sometimes with Sue—with my wife. But I haven't wanted to go much, lately."

"I know," she told him. "I know exactly what you think of my work. Jane Morrell *als Künstlerin* strikes you as something just a little lower than a juggler, wot? No soul—that's it—no spirit. It's pretty but is it art? Darling, if you only knew how well I remember your tirades against me, you'd appreciate my joy in hearing you admit that I've improved."

"The very best juggler," he said savagely, "is still a juggler. But don't let's get started on that."

"All right, lamb," she said in the midst of one of those gurgling laughs which she could always control at will. "*Le meilleur joueur d'échecs n'est qu'un*—but we won't discuss my Art. It does pay the rent, however; there's always that to remember. And if you've finished your eggs, we'll go in to the drawing-room and light the fire. It's always laid; admirable household I run."

She could not endure the falsehood of her own voice. She did not want to be gay. She wanted to be silent and loved. But the voice went on: she heard it doing its brilliant best, roulades and exercises, like a singer's. And he looked at her with that still, hurt look, too penetrating and too strange for the old Chuck. If the conversation continued like this, she thought, she would go mad and talk forever, whether Chuck came or went, in the same unbearable gayety of words and accent which had nothing to do with either of them. But she must not let it go on like this: she must not fail. He was sitting in an arm-chair at one side of the fire, she in another on the other side. They might sit all night like this if she could not break down her own unwanted defense. She got up and brought an enormous cushion from the divan, threw it on the hearth-rug at his feet, and sat there with her head only a few inches from his knee.

"Let's talk sensibly, Chuck," she said in a new voice, a determinedly simple voice. "Tell me why you wanted to see me."

He put his hand out on her head listlessly, but he did not look at her. He was looking only at the new fire.

"You've probably guessed," he said. There was a dead, hopeless sound to his words. "I was thinking—I was thinking of us. As we used to be. Wondering if we could—but you see it won't do."

"Why not?" she asked. She was whispering now. Her veins told her that victory was near. "Why not?" she repeated.

"It's just as it always was," he said, still not looking at her. "I can't believe you. I can't believe anything you say or do. I only love you when I'm away from you. It won't do at all."

"Oh, Chuck! Such foolish reasoning! You *do* love me, then?"

"I don't know," he said. "I suppose I do, in a way. But I'm dis-

couraged, to put it very inadequately, when I see you. During the seven years of my marriage I used to go to see your performances at fairly regular intervals, just to keep myself from longing for you. When I hadn't seen you for some months, I loved you again. When I saw you on the stage, and heard you mimicking every single human emotion and never feeling one of them—well, I was cured. For a time. And lately I've wanted to see you again. That's all."

"That's all?" she echoed. "But that can't be all! I don't suppose you've ever thought of what it meant to me, all this! I loved you once, and since I'm made the way I am, there it is—there it still is! What about me?"

"Oh, you!" he said nervously, brutally, getting up from his chair. "There isn't any you, Jenny."

"Chuck!" she moaned—but she must not listen to her own voice!

"I shouldn't have come here at all, but it serves me right," he said from the other end of the room. "I might have known. You're exactly the same as you were. If you start playing a scene at me I shall go at once. Perhaps it would be better to go anyway. But I did want to see you."

"What beastly egotists—" But here she stopped in time: it was a line from one of her sketches and the rest of it was "men are." Profound as it was, the reflection would have been fatal at this point. Chuck must have heard her say it scores of times, in the same wounded but petulant tone, on the stage.

"Come here and sit down," she said quietly. "Let's try to be adults. You're childish and morbid. You've got me so mixed up in your mind with my work, which you don't like, and with the characters I play in my work, that you can't see straight where I'm concerned."

He came back, sat down, and took her head in his hands to look at her.

"Oh, Chuck darling!" she said, looking at him candidly, purely. "I'm all right. The only questions involved are whether you love me and whether I love you."

"But who's to tell that?" he asked. His hands left her head and fell to the arms of his chair. "I can't believe you, ever, Jenny, and it's hopeless! If you could see and hear yourself now, in the firelight, face upturned, the maiden's prayer—Oh, God!"

She changed her position and caught both of his hands quickly before he could rise.

"Let me talk to you," she said. "Let me talk to you and you will believe me. I swear I'll forget everything I've ever learned and talk to you absolutely honestly—"

"But you can't!" he interrupted. "We've been through all this so often. . . . I was a fool to think anything could have changed in ten years. I'd better go, Jenny. When I want to see you again I can go with the rest of the audience."

"Oh, darling, don't!" she cried. Her voice was hurt; she could feel the tears, surprising tears, starting at their springs. "Let me be truthful and tell you everything and you'll have to see that it's all right. You've got to let me tell you, Chuck!" Her arms were across the front of his chair and he could not have risen if he had tried. Her voice caught on a

sob in her throat, and it hurt her to speak; even then she knew that she was lost. "This is honest and real, anyhow, and I mean for you to believe me. I may have been a parrot before, but I'm not a parrot now—I've never loved anybody but you, and I'll give up my work or anything you like if you want me to—"

He was trying to get up, to move her arms from the chair. "I can't stand this, I tell you I can't stand it!" he said. She clung to the chair, and her throat was aching. "You've got to!" she said. She did not know her own voice. "You've always wanted me to be what you call real, and now that I'm real for once you can't go away. What do you suppose these ten years have been for me? Don't you suppose I'd rather have been in Sue's place than making parrot sounds on a stage? What do you think I care about success—parrot success? Chuck—Chuck!"

How long she cried out like this at his feet she never knew. Thirty-seven years of her life had gathered and burst in this tempest before him. She was lost in it madly for once, while her voice no longer reached her own ears, and her eyes and throat were blind. When she looked at him at last and could see, he was standing at the door. He had put on his overcoat and held his hat, gloves and stick in one hand while his other rested on the door-knob. Only his hair was still loose and dark and his face looked as if he had heard her.

"I told you before, Jenny," he said, "that you had improved a great deal. Good night."

When the door closed behind him she fell over the hearth-rug and the enormous cushion with her face buried in her arms. A long moan came from her and filled the room with its moaning. Her ear's habit caught it, and as she lay there, motionless, she repeated it. The third one sounded almost like the first—except for thirty-seven years less of life—and she knew that she would not lose it afterward.

MOONSHINERS

The Old-Timers and Their Successors, the Employees of Bootleg Syndicates

FRANCIS LYNDE

AT A TIME in the not too distant past, before it became a felony to be found with a pint bottle of hard liquor in one's possession, the illicit distilling of corn whisky, variously known locally as "corn," "old corn," "wild-cat" or "pine-top," had the status of an institution in the southern Appalachians; and the distiller's industry was, from his point of view and that of his neighbors, rather a virtual necessity than a matter of choice. His isolated landholding in the mountains, and the poverty of its soil, restricted him to a single "money crop," namely, a few wagon-loads of corn; and the marketing of this in its natural state, over long distances and by roads more or less impassable for wheeled vehicles during a fair half of the year, could be accomplished only at a loss.

Under these conditions he was likely to provide himself with a few sheets of malleable red metal for his "copper," and some empty barrels to be sawed in two for tubs, and with this primitive equipment he would transmute his surplus corn, usually an inconsiderable quantity, into a more easily transportable form and thus solve his problem of existence. In so doing he was quite well aware of the fact that he was a law-breaker. What he did not admit was that his whisky-making was morally wrong. His argument in his own defense was not wholly illogical. As one of them, a prisoner awaiting his trial, once set it forth for the writer, it ran thus: "My gran'pappy's gran'pappy made whisky out'n his corn and nobody said hit war wrong. Then them fellers up yonder in Washin'ton done made a law a-sayin' hit *war* wrong—but that don't make hit wrong by the Bible."

These whisky freebooters of a former time were not criminals in the ordinary meaning of the word. Apart from ignoring the revenue laws, they differed in no appreciable respect from their non-'stilling neighbors, sharing with them the virtues of a primitive people, hospitality high, wide and handsome, honesty as between man and man, a decently strict morality in the field of sex and more or less deep religious convictions. Law-abiding in a general sense, the moonshiner still believed he had a moral right to make his corn into whisky if he so desired, and he was willing to fight for that right and in defense of his property in his plant. And when he fought, he fought to kill.

In that older day the revenue officers searching for hidden stills in the

mountains went prepared for violence, and pitched battles with the moonshiners were not infrequent. Quite aside from his belief that he had a moral right to ignore the revenue laws, the mountaineer's sense of property value in his still made him desperate. His equipment, hand made and home made, taxed his slender resources and his ingenuity to the utmost to buy the materials and to build and install the plant, for, in addition to his trade of distilling, he was obliged to be his own coppersmith and mason. And to stand aside under arrest and see his handiwork chopped to destruction by the axes of the officers, and his "beer" tubs upset to spill their contents, was a fate that he was apt to resist with small regard for his own life and none at all for the lives of the destroyers.

Not long ago a revenue officer, whose time of service reaches back into the pre-Prohibition period, told this story of a raid. Information had come in pointing to the existence of a secret still in a certain mountain locality and the officers went in search of it. The man in question, the father of four sons and a daughter, had been under suspicion for some time, and when the raiding party reached the cabin in the mountains only the daughter, a child of ten, and the youngest of the sons, a boy of seven or eight, were found at home. The leader of the party asked the children where their father was. The girl would have nothing to say, but the boy was more communicative. Replying to the question, he said:

"Pappy?—he's down at the still."

"And where is your mother?"

"She's down at the still too."

"And your brothers? Where are they?"

"They're all down at the still, 'ceppin' we-uns."

"Will you show us the way to the still?"

The boy nodded. "Shore I will—if you-uns'll gimme a dollar."

"All right," said the officer. "You shall have your dollar. Now tell us which way to go."

"Gimme the dollar first, and then I'll tell you-uns," said the small bargainer.

"Don't worry; you shall have your dollar when we come back."

"No, you gimme hit now—afore you go."

"Why do you want us to do that?"

"Jest 'cause furriners"—the mountain word for outsiders—"a-goin' down to that there still don't never come back."

Apprehended, either with or without a pitched battle, the mountaineer distiller presented a problem for the courts of his time. The fact that he was not a criminal in the wider sense of the term made for some degree of leniency at his trial and, more often than not, first offenders were merely taxed with the court costs, reprimanded and told to go and sin no more. Two instances related by a Federal judge—a good and just man long since gone to his reward—illustrate one of the simple virtues of the mountaineer, moonshiner or other; the virtue of promise-keeping.

A young moonshiner, brought into court for a second offense, had been found guilty and was up for sentence, which would mean a term of imprisonment in the Atlanta peniten-

tiary. When the judge asked him if he had anything to say, he made his plea. If he could be permitted to go home first and "fix things" for the "woman and chillern" it was all he would ask, and when these necessary provisions for his absence were made he would come back and serve his time. The judge took him at his word and gave him his reprieve. With apparently no thought of betraying the confidence the judge had placed in him, he returned promptly within the reprieve limit to surrender himself to the marshal.

At another session of the same court a hardened breaker of the revenue laws whose first and second offenses were already recorded against him, was again apprehended, brought to trial and found guilty. As an old offender who had neither repented nor promised to repent, he was due to get the limit, and he knew it. When he was asked if he had anything to say before sentence should be passed upon him, he begged earnestly, not for liberty, but for a jail sentence which would save him from having to go to Atlanta, so far away from his family. If his plea should be granted he would promise, in return, that so long as the judge remained upon the bench he would not again make or meddle with illicit whisky.

His plea was granted and he was turned over to the county authorities to serve a term of eleven months in the chain-gang, a penalty shorter in duration but more severe than that which would have been exacted had he gone to the penitentiary in Atlanta. This was in the spring. Six months later, when the first snows began to powder the summits of the Great Smokies, the judge received a letter from the convict. It was a petition for a furlough of ten days, pathetically eloquent in its primitive English and misspelling. Would the judge let him off for just ten days? Winter was coming on, and his wife and children were alone in the cabin on Walden's, with nobody to cut their winter wood. He would not overstay his leave, and would "certain shore" come back and serve out his sentence.

The furlough was given, and in due time, true to his word, the mountaineer returned and gave himself up to the sheriff. He served the remainder of his sentence as a "trusty" and after his release faithfully kept his pledge to abstain from whisky-making while the judge's term of office continued. The story ought to end here, but the truth must be told. When the conditions of his promise no longer bound him, the man went back to his old trade of law-breaking. In a short time his still was raided, and in the ensuing gun-battle he was shot and killed.

The mountain whisky of that older day was a colorless liquor, made wholly from the corn, which was often ground into meal in hand mills in the home. It was raw and fiery to the civilized palate, with a faint smoky aroma which was its only quality in common with the peat-fire product of the Scottish Highlands. Its makers knew none of the arts of adulteration, consequently it was pure and free from drugs. As a beverage it was unique; and as an intoxicant, at least for the outlander, it was a profound success.

Commenting upon its combative qualities, an old resident of one of the valley towns said of it: "Hit's a blamed ugly drunk. I reckon there ain't no fightin'er liquor ever come out'n a jug. Now there was the time when Jim Layne got hisself killed in that there argy*ment* with Jud Byars. They'd both of 'em been fillin' up on pine-top, and Jud, he—" I had to listen to the pointless story of battle and murder and sudden death, but it has no place here.

In disposing of his product the old-time moonshiner was compelled to resort to various artifices to escape detection. True, in scantily policed localities he would bring his whisky to town on "first Mondays," or other court days, dispensing it from slightly camouflaged jugs in his wagon to all comers, and in quantities to suit. Later, when greater vigilance on the part of the deputy marshals made this method impracticable, he would enlist, as an intermediary, some friendly valley farmer. When this, in turn, grew dangerous, the moonshiner retreated to his hilly stronghold and let it be noised about that his customers must come to seek him.

After a time, this method, too, became hazardous; the danger arising from the chance that some one of the appointees to a meeting might prove to be a "revenuer." At that, a more circuitous proceeding was adopted. In a hollow tree or stump, designated by common consent in the mountain forest, the purchaser would deposit his money and a receptacle for the liquor, and then absent himself for a specified length of time. When he returned, he would find—if, in the meanwhile, he had been acting in good faith—that his money had been taken and the jug filled; by whom, the buyer, least of all men, would be able to say.

These were the ordinary methods of disposal when the market for his product was normally active; but in a dull time the moonshiner did not hesitate to take greater risks. Now and again he would venture into one of the larger towns with a few well-filled jugs concealed under a load of corn, garden stuff or split stove-wood, taking his chance of disposing of the jugs or their contents as opportunity might offer. Or perhaps a younger and more reckless member of the guild would sling a small jug to a stout belt, provide himself with a tin cup and a funnel, and, with his portable saloon hidden under the folds of an overcoat, hang upon the edges of a crowd at an open-air political meeting or other gathering, filling bottles or selling by the drink.

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All this is as it was in the decades before the coming of National Prohibition. But now all is changed. The old-time moonshiner of the mountains, the man who owned his small still and did his own marketing, has disappeared completely and his job and his place have been taken over by hired men. Stills there are in the mountains, to be sure, and in greater numbers than ever before; but now their operatives are wage-paid employees of the bootleg syndicates. These are the capitalists, furnishing all equipment and materials—as well as truck or automobile transportation going and coming. The standard wage in the Tennessee mountains is six dollars a day for the men who operate the

stills. Being only employees, with no property interests to defend, these men are seldom apprehended, are usually conspicuous by their absence when a still is raided. The bootleggers' spy system is so complete that notice is likely to go out ahead of the most carefully planned raid; hence, in the majority of cases, the raided still is found deserted, even though the fire may yet be burning under the "copper." Warned in time, the six-dollars-a-day men have vanished.

For this reason there are few arrests made, though the mortality in stills is heavy. In the three months immediately preceding the present writing no less than sixty-three plants, large and small, were destroyed or brought in from a single district comprised of only three counties, and one of the stills was of five-hundred-gallon capacity. Unhappily for the cause of Prohibition, the destruction or confiscation of even such great numbers of these secret plants has but a small deterrent effect upon the illicit distilling. Money is readily forthcoming for renewals in better hiding places, and the speak-easies in the towns are never out of stock.

Modern conditions and inventions have done much to revolutionize the wild-catting branch of the bootleggers' business. A stout truck can go and come over roads or mountain trails where the shackly wagon of the old-time moonshiner would collapse like the deacon's one-hoss shay. Telephone lines crisscross even the remote mountain regions and even the wireless does its turn now and then. Doubtless in many cases the enforcement authorities, Federal, State and county, do their best; but they are as one man to scores—with the scores backed by unlimited capital.

The modern wild-catter does not stick to corn as his exclusive material, as the old-timer did. Quantity, not quality, is what the bootlegger desires in the product, so corn, sugar and rye malt are used; the sugar adding greatly to the gallonage. It is used in the proportion of one hundred pounds—the finest grade of granulated—to five bushels of corn-meal. A fact not generally known is that this sugar-made whisky refuses to mature. Let it stand to "age," and it will turn to a very creditable vinegar.

With the old-time moonshiner pushed aside, one wonders from what source the six-dollars-a-day men who now operate the mountain stills are recruited. Unquestionably, some of them are to the manner born. The modern bootlegger is not himself a manufacturer, and a certain amount of technical skill is necessary in the distiller of even a poor quality of spirits. Moreover, in by far the greater number of instances the secret stills are built on the ground, the capitalizing syndicate furnishing the raw materials only. And again, therefore, technical skill of another sort is required—the skill of a worker in sheet-metal.

The ability to lay out, cut to pattern, form and rivet together the sheets of the "copper" and its dome was an art handed down from father to son in the older time; hence it is a fair assumption that at least some of the six-dollar men are the sons of their fathers. If so, they

are generally regarded by the mountaineers as degenerate sons, for the hired operatives of the present time are looked down upon by the mountain dwellers—perhaps because they *are* hired. For your true mountaineer is nothing if not a dyed-in-the-wool individualist.

Under present conditions in the mountainous districts of the South the enforcement units are at no little disadvantage. In the pre-Prohibition period the stills were small and the amount of liquor produced was inconsiderable. In addition, the old-time moonshiner was poor, and if his still was discovered and destroyed he had no means of replacing it. Besides, being an owner and a first-class fighting man, he stood his ground in many instances, thus giving the law something tangible and human into which it could set its teeth. But with many and much larger stills capitalized by outsiders, and operated by men who are able to anticipate a raid and disappear, the most that can be accomplished is the confiscation or destruction of the plant, which the capitalizing syndicate can quickly and easily replace.

Then, too, the topography of the region interposes obstacles difficult of appreciation by the dwellers in leveler and more thickly settled areas. In spite of its marvelous growth and increasing prosperity, the southern Appalachian region still has vast areas that are practically primeval wildernesses. To police these mountain wilds which, in many instances, begin at the very doors of the cities, a small army would be required.

And thus far, the army has not materialized.

Cerelle

Margaret Belle Houston

There was a score of likely girls
Around the prairie side,
But I went down to Galveston
And brought me home a bride.

A score or more of handsome girls,
Of proper age and size,
But the pale girls of Galveston
Have sea-shine in their eyes.

As pale as any orange flower,
Cerelle. The gold-white sands
Were like her hair, and drifting shells,
White fairy shells, her hands.

I think she liked my silver spurs
A-clinking in the sun.
She'd never seen a cowboy till
I rode to Galveston.

She'd never known the chaparral,
Nor smell of saddle leather,
Nor seen a round-up or a ranch,
Till we rode back—together.

Shall I forget my mother's eyes?
"Is this the wife you need?
Is this the way you bring me rest
From forty men to feed?"

Cerelle—I think she did her best
All year. She'd lots to learn.
Dishes would slip from out her hands
And break, the bread would burn,

And she would steal away at times
And wander off to me,
And when the wind was in the south
She'd say, "I smell the sea!"

She changed. The white and gold grew dull,
As when a soft flame dies,
And yet she kept until the last
The sea-shine in her eyes.

. . . . . .

There are (I make a husband's boast)
No stronger arms than Ann's.
She has a quip for all the boys,
And sings among the pans.

At last my mother takes her rest,
And that's how things should be.
But when the wind is in the south
There is no rest for me.

Woodrow Wilson

A Study in Personality

William E. Brooks

On September 19, 1901 America buried its President, William McKinley. In every community throughout the land memorial services were held at the hour in which his body was laid to rest in his home city. In many ways the most notable of these, if the test of notability be found in those who participated, was that held by the village of Princeton in the historic old Presbyterian Church which stands on the University campus. At this service there were three addresses made—by Grover Cleveland, by Woodrow Wilson and by John H. Finley. The first was the only living ex-President and President McKinley's immediate predecessor. Already he was world famous. The last was then a professor in the University and was to achieve fame as a college president and editor of America's greatest newspaper. But Wilson was to climb to heights undreamed of by any in that audience and for a brief and shining hour was to be the idol of the world.

I have totally forgotten what the other two speakers said on that occasion. But one sentence in Wilson's address I shall never forget. He was speaking of the changes that had been wrought during McKinley's administration by a war that then loomed larger in our thinking than it does to-day, when for the first time the sons of the men who wore the blue and those who wore the gray had fought together under the nation's flag. And he said as he viewed the tragic situation through which we were passing in the President's assassination: "The thrilling sense of comfort in this hour is the new sense we have of our spiritual unity as a nation." Vivid still is the memory of the feeling that passed over the audience in that crowded church as he spoke those words. He had said the thing we needed. How few of us dreamed that his audience in but a few years was to be the world.

Perhaps no man in our history has in his lifetime so deeply touched the popular imagination as Woodrow Wilson, has aroused such splendid loyalties, has quickened also such deep and lasting hatreds. Controversy has raged about his name and will continue to rage for years to come. The world has deeply divided into those who are for him and those who are against him. He achieved brilliant successes in two widely different fields, in the limited arena of the university, in the broader one of the nation and the world. He is charged also with amazing failures

in the same fields, failures as signal as his successes and far more serious in their consequences, "blunders" which according to Charles Willis Thompson ("Presidents I've Known") "will never cease to reverberate till the Resurrection morn." It is too early to estimate his place in history. It is not perhaps too early to seek to estimate the reasons which inspired his successes and the causes which led up to his failures. I am not sure that I am ready to accept the glittering generalization of his official biographer, Ray Stannard Baker, that his faults were merely the excess of his virtues, "that his life was one of intensities and extremes, blazing successes, disastrous defeats; and the same excess of life which led to the one led also to the other." That seems to me too easy an explanation. My own attitude toward him is perhaps that of many others. The hold on my imagination which he got that day when I heard him first at the Memorial Service was deepened as I sat in the following months in his classroom. The things for which he struggled in the after years, the ideals which he declared and which aroused our enthusiasm, the glowing words in which he clothed them, the amazing courage he displayed as he sought to realize them, these were uplifting and heartening things. But there have been moments also when I wondered whether he was as wise as he was daring, whether indeed he had thought through all the way the course he would have us follow.

The thing that bothered most was that there were men who opposed Woodrow Wilson, men whom I trusted fully as I trusted him. How was this to be explained? Apparently, there was only one thing to do—probe the depths of his personality with the possibility of finding in it something that might lead to an understanding of the things he did. In this endeavor I have not only considered carefully that which has been written about him, but have had an extensive correspondence with many of the important figures in his administration as well as with his political friends and associates. Many of these have written fully and frankly the estimates they had of him, setting forth not only his strong points, but also the elements of weakness which led to his failure to carry the country with him in his last great struggle. Before going into an analysis of these, let us look for a minute at the high points in his career.

The parallelism between the career of Woodrow Wilson as president of Princeton University and as President of the United States is startling. In both he achieved a brilliant early success. And success in each case was followed by dire failure. He came to his high office in Princeton with surprising suddenness, following the easy-going administration of President Patton. Old Princeton men will remember with what amazement the news that he had been elected was received in the spring of 1902. There had been a number of distinguished names mentioned for that office, which all felt was shortly to be vacated, but his was not prominent among them. The Princeton "Tiger" celebrated the general astonishment by a cartoon in its first number following his election, in which Wilson was seen proceeding toward

Alexander, the Commencement Hall, garbed as Cæsar, while Cassius McPherson was saying to Brutus van Dyke, "Upon what meat hath this our Cæsar fed, that he hath grown so great?"

Those first years of Wilson's administration at Princeton were marked by vigorous achievement. There was a sorely needed tightening-up of the educational requirements, the preceptorial system was introduced, and the physical equipment of the University was greatly improved and increased. Both Board and Faculty were a unit behind him in his great endeavors, and the friends of Princeton supplied with liberality the funds necessary to carry out his program. Then came the controversy which ended his academic career. It began with his scheme for remedying the abuses of the Upper Class Eating Clubs and quickly passed on into the fiercer battle which raged about the Graduate School. Princeton men had generally recognized the fact that there was need for reform in the Club situation. Wilson's words describing it were most fitting: "The side-shows are swallowing the circus." Whether it was as much a question of the preservation of democracy in Princeton as he described it, or whether it was a matter of a lot of boys getting all the comfort and fun out of their college days that easy-going fathers and easy-going professors had allowed them, is a subject over which men still differ. In any event the solution that Wilson proposed was radical. It involved the physical reconstruction of the campus into quadrangles where the students might eat as well as room, men of all classes in each building. It involved also the destruction of the Clubs, an old institution in Princeton, and it is hard to see how it could have done other than destroy the famous Princeton class spirit, an institution which binds high and low in the same class, not only during the four college years but throughout life, in the most unique of fellowships. Wilson suddenly put forth his program to change all this. It involved many things, but there is little evidence that much had been done to acquaint those with him in authority at Princeton, with the plan and its details before it was presented. Revolutionary as it was he took no common counsel before he presented his plan. This is the point which is most important in the history of the controversy. The same thing will appear again and again at other important moments in his career, notably in his demand on Congress for a Declaration of War on Germany.

Mr. Cleveland and Dean West, who had led the project for the new Graduate School, opposed the "Quad plan" as requiring the use of funds which they had been led to believe would be used for the establishment of the School, a project to which not only the Board but the president was committed. So the Graduate School became involved in the controversy already begun about the Clubs. The same sharp cleavage which the country was later to know in the League of Nations controversy soon developed in the little world of Princeton. Men who had been Wilson's resolute supporters, like Moses Taylor Pyne and John Grier Hibben (later to succeed Wilson as president) took sides against him.

Friendships of the most intimate sort were broken. Men could not be his friends who would not be his partizans. The words which his Secretary of State, Robert Lansing, was to write about him later could with equal truth be applied to the situation in which he found himself then: "The impression made was that he was irritated by opposition to his views, however moderately urged, and that he did not like to have his judgment questioned even in a friendly way."

Daily the breach widened. But this is not the place to go at any length into the details of the struggle which was to shake Princeton to its core. Sufficient to say that the majority against the president constantly grew, that his plan for the Quads was defeated and that of his opponents for the Graduate School was adopted. His power was broken in Princeton and the opportunity, which his nomination for the governorship of New Jersey gave him, to retire from an impossible position, was quickly seized.

How definitely is this story repeated in the following political career! As suddenly as Wilson had become president of the University did he become President of the United States. The split in the majority party swept him into office. Champ Clark had the Democratic machine behind him, the powerful influence of Hearst and a majority of the delegates to the nominating convention. Wilson owed his elevation to Bryan as he owed the earlier one to Patton, and both came afterward to line up with those who opposed him. His first years were filled with impossible successes, tariff reform, the Federal Reserve Act, the Income Tax Measure and the remedying of an international wrong in the Panama Tolls matter. Then came the war, and the attitude that seemed to many to strongly resemble indecision, and the equally sudden leading of the country into war, largely unprepared. A study of the books written by his political associates, not by his enemies, reveals not only this apparent indecision but a total unwillingness to take counsel except when that counsel agreed with his own opinions. I shall return to this later. What I want to do is to carry the parallelism between his academic and political career a little further.

The reason for the stand he took in the Princeton controversy, Wilson had declared, was his desire to make the institution truly democratic. In his report to the Board outlining his plans he set forth "as most serious . . . the slow, almost imperceptible, and yet increasing certainty of the decline of the old democratic spirit of the place." A similar purpose was in his heart as he led the nation into war. As he declared in his War Message to Congress on April 2, 1917, "We shall fight for the things which we have always carried nearest our hearts—for democracy, for the right of those who submit to authority to have a voice in their own governments, for the rights and liberties of small nations, for a universal dominion of right by such a concert of free peoples as shall bring peace and safety to all nations and make the world itself at last free." No reasonable man will question the sincerity of his passion

for democracy, that with all his heart and soul he was devoted to its advancement. But again he was not to see the success of his projects. His plan for the League of Nations met the same fate as had his plan for the Quads in Princeton. Bitter as had been the earlier fight it was nothing compared to the passionate fury of that which spread from the Room of the Committee on Foreign Affairs of the Senate to every village and cross-roads of America. Again friendships were broken, again wrathful words were uttered, and when it was over Wilson's power was broken and his health shattered. He passed from the White House as he had passed from "Prospect," with failure charged against him in the supreme effort in both presidencies.

What were the elements entering into this failure? Wherein lies its cause? On the answers to these questions must rest our estimate of Wilson, the value of his work, his place in history. Many a man has "failed" and yet to-day the world places him among the highest. Will this be true of Wilson? It was questions of this sort that I put to a group of persons who were closest to him in the days of his power—not his political enemies, but those of his own political party who shared with him the tasks of government. The answers reveal one fact at least: that such men differ widely in their estimates of Wilson and in the causes they give for his failure to carry through his program in the nation.

First there are those who see him the victim of "an intense and passionate partizanship that stopped at nothing to attain its ends." Typical of this group is a statement by a former member of his cabinet which speaks of his defeat on the League of Nations as "clearly attributable to the pettiness, the envy, and the selfishness of a partizanship which carried his adversaries to extremes which, in my judgment, history will ultimately record as highly discreditable to the chief actors in it." Another cabinet officer writes "most of the trouble was due to the pettiness of political adversaries and the feeling on the part of Lodge and others that the only hope of the Republican party lay in unhorsing Wilson and Wilson policies. If there had been no election coming in 1920, Wilson would have succeeded in 1919."

Then there is a second group represented by one who was among his most trusted supporters in the Senate and who writes: "The personal animosity between Lodge and Wilson, which embittered both men and which led finally to the forming of the political conspiracy in the Senate, which triumphed, began its evil work while Wilson was still in Paris, and as you will recall, every effort was made in the Senate at that time to hamstring him and to discredit him. It could not have succeeded as it did, however, if Wilson had understood men as well as he understood principles. The fact is that when he left Paris he created by what he said and did the worst possible psychology in the Senate. He aided Lodge by an utter failure to recognize his own friends and create the proper sentiment in the Senate. Unfortunately for his cause, he left the worst possible psychology in the Senate by creating and leaving the impression that he was going to

negotiate the treaty without consulting the Senate or any of its members, and force it to accept the League of Nations on the theory that it dare not fail to ratify the treaty. It was this impression Wilson left in the Senate which enabled Lodge to form his conspiracy and make his despicable fight." Along with this Senator stands one who represented him in the diplomatic service of the country and who had known him from college days: "Wilson was one of those intense and highly interesting personalities about whom controversies gather. Possibly some people will always look at him from an antagonistic point of view. Certainly others will always regard him with eyes of admiration and enthusiasm. My hope is that as the hidden reasons for antagonism are revealed and the grounds of admiration are more clearly seen and more firmly established, a reasonable and adequate estimate will emerge, ranking him among the heroes who accomplished great things, the full achievement of whose task was defeated, or at least deferred, by adverse circumstances and by a certain rigidity of will in regard to the minor details of his plan."

Then there are those who were very close to him and yet, oddly enough, are unable to explain him; such as a cabinet member who writes, "I do not feel that I can comprehend the real Mr. Wilson. The problem is complex." Or another who was among the most intimate of his counselors: "Woodrow Wilson was one of the most complex and contradictory characters I have ever met."

Finally there was another and much smaller group whose opinions may be typified by the feelings of one who had left his cabinet: "I once heard a description which as nearly fits the case of President Wilson as any other I know. In describing some one it was said: 'He was a man of high ideals and no principles.' Perhaps I am too little of a politician to understand the ways of those who seek political preferment, but I must admit a preference for those who hold fast over those who run fast. My own personal view is that the President endeavored to run with the hounds and chase with the hares and that he would have done much better had he chosen either course and stuck to it."

How shall we understand such varying views about Woodrow Wilson? If those who were nearest to him did not understand him, how shall we understand him? And if we cannot understand him, how shall we explain him? Is he "an enigma of history" as Signor Orlando declares in a letter to the writer? "I believe, in fact," he declares further, "the historical reconstruction of the factors political and, still more psychological of the last great conference, must be an integral reconstruction." It is the beginnings of such a reconstruction that I seek now to attempt. Abler hands than mine must carry it further.

There is a chance remark—perhaps it was not chance—by James Kerney in his book "The Political Education of Woodrow Wilson," which to me casts a good deal of light upon the matter. Mr. Kerney was editor of the "Trenton Times" and as such a trained observer. He

writes: "We at Trenton should have been his neighbors. But he never had neighbors; he was not that kind of a man." There were none with whom he shared himself! Place beside this a statement of Houston in the estimate of Wilson with which he closes his "Eight Years in Wilson's Cabinet": "Wilson had no real familiars. With only a few men did he seem to be at real ease. And these were men who had few angles and who seldom indulged in belligerent attitudes or stubborn opposition." This trait was also apparent when he declared to Colonel House before the latter started on his journey of attempted mediation to Europe in January 1915 that he "was the only one in all the world to whom he could open his entire mind." Later, and at the time he needed counsel most, he ceased to open it even to him.

Wilson's trail is marked by the friends and counselors he left behind —Patton who made him President at Princeton, Pyne and Hibben who shared his friendship in the earlier efforts at Princeton, McCombs who prepared the way for his nomination at Baltimore, Bryan who made him President by his handling of the Convention, Lansing and Garrison and McAdoo in his cabinet, and last of all Colonel House who did so much to aid him up till the days in Paris when he too was dropped. Did Wilson fail because he would not or could not deal with men? And because, as some say, he was a student and used to the cloister? Charles Willis Thompson, the well-known Washington correspondent, in his "Presidents I've Known," deals with this summarily. "Where the idea came from that Wilson was a cold, self-restrained man I never could understand. It may have been because he was called a school-master so constantly. He was full of hot blood. He was a jolly fellow, who loved a story and could tell one to admiration. His sense of humor was prehensile. He loved the ridiculous as well as the witty. And it was easier to make him 'mad' than any other public man I ever knew; nor could he control his rage easily. He was a swift and lively talker, enjoyed conversation greatly, took a vigorous part in it without ever trying to dominate it, and seemed in love with life in all its manifestations. For all that, people continued to talk of him as a glacial, forbidding inhuman sort of monstrosity among men."

He "seemed in love with life in all its manifestations." But there was something in him which neither gave nor received that personal loyalty which is the secret of Roosevelt's success. He himself declared that he had "a one-track mind," a mind that could only deal with one thing at a time. This had its bearing on his failures. But was not his principal lack the fact that he did not have a heart that trusts and is trusted? It would seem so. Solitary and aloof he made his way through the world, sharing with no one the mighty burden that Fate had put upon his shoulders. The marvel is that he did as much as he did. A former student of his, now a dean in one of our State Universities, to whom I mentioned the opinion about his having "high ideals but no principles," put the thing in a nutshell: "No, that is wrong; he had high principles, but he had no loyalties to men." Is that what Kerney means when he says

"he never had neighbors. He was not that kind of a man"?

I would not be understood as meaning that Wilson was consciously disloyal to men, but that he was more interested in measures than in individuals, cared more for the cause he made his own than for the human instruments by which that cause was to be achieved. His very devotion to principle made men of lesser importance. When he had to choose between men and ideas he chose ideas. But ideas have to become flesh before they can be realized, and it is the duty of the idealist to so incarnate them, with all the patience of his soul. Herein he greatly differed from Lincoln, with whom it was the fashion to compare him in the days when he ran for office. This is not an unknown phenomenon in history. Thompson further says: "Wilson had what is senselessly called a 'jesuitical' mind. In its popular meaning . . . Wilson was a perfect example of it." And this popular meaning applies it to one who believes that the end justifies the means, and who goes ahead regardless. So favorable a critic as Houston writes: "He was content when he felt that he had arrived at the heart of a matter and had the right of it. He was then prepared to go ahead regardless of consequences. In his assessment of measures, personalities, personal equations, personal ambitions and self-seeking were ruthlessly brushed aside."

This attitude of mind had far-reaching results. Toward the last he trusted only himself and shared his counsels with no one in any full measure. How often is this seen at exigent moments in his career. When he brought the Quad question before the Board at Princeton, involving as it did sweeping and vital changes in the life of the University, no one knew anything about it until his report was presented to the Board. Houston and others have set forth the fact that when he began his administration in Washington not even those who were to serve in his Cabinet knew definitely that they were to serve. One who was present on that historic April day when he called on Congress for a declaration of war against Germany, has described to me the fury that was in the hearts of the leaders because he had not taken them into his confidence before reading his speech. They had not the slightest intimation of what he intended to say before that momentous utterance was delivered.

And Lansing has recorded over and again in "The Peace Conference, a Personal Narrative," how he and his fellow commissioners at Versailles were in the dark as to the President's mind or his program. "If the President had a program he did not show a copy of the program to the Commissioners or advise them of its contents. The natural conclusion was that he had never worked out in detail the application of his announced principles or put into concrete form the specific settlements which he declared ought to be in the terms of peace." Had he been willing to trust men he would have made up that Commission in a different way. Houston writes in his notes on the very day the Commissioners were announced: "The appointment of Henry White is a political blunder because it will not satisfy the regular

Republicans of the Senate or elsewhere. . . . The President ought to have at his side the strongest, most influential, and best informed men from both parties." But the President thought otherwise. Lansing was evidently right when he wrote: "With all his natural capacity the President seems to lack the faculty of employing team-work and of adopting a system to utilize the brains of other men. . . . The result is, so far as our Commission is concerned, a state of confusion and uncertainty with a definite loss and delay through effort being misunderstood." I wrote in a review of Mr. Lansing's book at the time of its appearance: "Mr. Wilson elected to be the responsible statesman who would carry out the ideals he proclaimed in a treaty which he would himself frame. Here he failed. He did not know how to do it himself, he was unwilling to seek the aid or advice of those who might have helped, he entered the conference without a thought-out program, and in the tight places in which he found himself he abandoned the right for the expedient. . . . That he was a man with a vision of the right and the just makes greater the shame of his failure. He owed it to the cause in which he believed, to employ every right means that he could find that would help him to succeed."

This same thing appears in every emergency in his career, where he invariably stood alone without the counsel which would have brought him vital help. And needlessly so. This was true in Princeton, where he was far from being alone in seeing the need for change. It was true in Washington. It was supremely true at Versailles. And in every case the cause suffered because he could not do alone the thing which might have been done with the help of others. At Versailles he had to contend with Lloyd-George and Clemenceau, two of the ablest, shrewdest masters of the finesse of diplomacy that the modern world knew. And there, to quote J. M. Keynes, "the collapse of the President has been one of the decisive events of history."

Further this attitude of mind made it impossible for him to seek help when help was waiting for him. To do so would to his mind have been yielding a principle to a man. The man who trusts and works with men knows better. The Senator I have quoted above has this further to say: "In my judgment, the Versailles Treaty could have been ratified without any great sacrifice of the League of Nations provisions had Wilson been willing to do as Roosevelt did and as many other Presidents have done, to treat and negotiate with Senators who might have been won over with or without compromise. I think at the very time that the Senate was defying him, public opinion in the United States was with him; but he would not stoop to conquer, and he would not even enter upon a campaign of negotiations with individual Senators. He rather preferred to take the advice which was given him to go out through the country and to arouse public sentiment with a view to forcing Senators to surrender. If he had stayed in Washington and sent for, say, twenty Senators, one by one, to get their sentiment, to hear their side and to arrange for mutual concessions, I believe the Treaty

could have been ratified, because there were a good many Republican Senators disposed to be favorable to the idea of the League of Nations. I believe it could have been accomplished without any sacrifice of principle. President Wilson did not like advice and did not like to consult. It was personally obnoxious to him to send for a Senator for the purpose of persuading him to do what he considered his duty, and rather than enter upon such a plan he preferred to undertake the enormous task of going out before the country with the idea of arousing the sentiment of the public and compelling acquiescence to his views."

This attitude resulted in an intolerance of the opinion of others which is evident throughout his career. Testimony is abundant on this point. One of the most distinguished of his ambassadors writes me as follows: "That President Wilson had his human weaknesses is doubtless true. Perhaps over-confidence in his own intellectual processes was not the least of them. This tended necessarily to make him less generous toward the opinions and shortcomings of others than another might have been. I think this lies at the bottom of most of the personal antagonism which he aroused." Colonel House expresses the same opinion: "As I saw him at the time and as I see him in retrospect, his chief defect was temperamental. His prejudices were strong and often clouded his judgments." Perhaps this was the reason why House once said: "Had I gone into the cabinet I would not have lasted eight weeks." And James Kerney in his "Political Education of Woodrow Wilson," has put it more bluntly: "The confusion of his great emotions, his iron will, his human ambitions and his great historical studies produced a strange complex that frequently found righteousness at war with itself. When he got into a fight nothing was relevant but the fighting. With the coming of increased power he had walled himself in and completely departed from the old practice of common counsel. 'I rarely consult anybody' he said in an interview with Ida Tarbell published in "Collier's" in 1916. Thus isolated, he found it easy to convince himself that he had devised the correct pattern for human behavior and that those who defied him were blind and ignorant."

It was this lack of loyalty to other men and other minds that made him what he was. Perhaps it is the secret of his great successes. There can be little question that it is the secret of his tragic failures. Long ago it was written "no man liveth unto himself." Woodrow Wilson proved its truth anew.

Yet how much he accomplished!

That sturdy old soldier General Tasker H. Bliss, who was with him at Versailles, in a letter to the writer declares: "The spirit created by the operation of the League brought about the Treaty of Locarno, the Briand-Kellogg treaty of February 6, 1928, and the Pact of Paris, renouncing war as an instrument of national policy, signed in Paris August 27, 1928. If the present League were to be dissolved tomorrow the force of world opinion would recreate it stronger than ever and the first nation to demand its

recreation would be the United States. It was Mr. Wilson who, by means of the Covenant, gave the world an opportunity to formulate an opinion. Out of his Covenant came a World Court of International Justice, which the world will never surrender. Like the League if the Court be destroyed to-morrow, the world would find a great void that it knows would have to be refilled. A League and a Covenant in some form, both the offspring of Mr. Wilson's heart and brain, will be the eternal standard by which the world will judge the practicability of his idealism and in them will be found the full achievement of his task."

All of which is profoundly true. Of the spirit which dominated him "to make right prevalent, to defeat the wrong" there can be no question. Only when one views the splendor of his achievement does one realize how much more he might have done, with that mighty mind and that tremendous purpose, had he been willing to trust men and more heartily to work with them. We might have been spared much, both in America and in the world. And men would have written his name, with no uncertainty, among the greatest of all. For they reserve that place only for those they love, and Woodrow Wilson denied himself that.

SCHOOL-GIRL

SONIA RUTHÈLE NOVÁK

And soon she will no longer be a child.
Already awkward dignities lay hold
Upon her consciousness—one minute bold,
The next as shy as thistle-down. No wild
Abandon marks her gestures now, nor mild
Adaption. And it were as vain to scold
The whimsies of a budding marigold
That they exist where boxwood hedge is aisled.

She shall acquire her constancies through pain,
With moments of evolved respite. Too well
Her lessons will be learned. She will attain
Composures, and their solaces will spell
The answers to them all. She will not gain
From anything that you or I can tell.

Neither Jew nor Greek

A Tumbleweed Valley Tale

William M. John

Uncle Asy Mulberry threw back his head and expressed his skepticism with a laugh that was a cross between a chuckle and a whinny.

No, no—he said—you don't believe what you're sayin'. You may think you do, but you don't know your own mind. I ain't doubtin' the truth of your statement; it's as true as gospel. But when a man, and more particularly a woman, says to me, "We're all alike. Everybody's one under the skin," I know right off they haven't stopped to consider what they are talkin' about.

I've heard folks make that remark, in one form or another, off and on, for over seventy years; ever since I was old enough to be interested in what the other fellow was sayin'. Long before the institution you're leanin' against graduated out of the Feed and Livery class into a first-rate Automobile and Accessory business, neighbors and customers would drift in for a snack of small talk, and many's the time I've had 'em say to me, "Asy, you can't get away from it, we're all human, and bein' all human, we're all heir to the same faults and the same virtues."

Well, them are sentiments that would do credit to anybody, but here's the hitch: when you come to find out who the man, or woman's referrin' to in such a brotherly or sisterly fashion, it's pretty sure to be somebody they don't know much about, or that they think is a mite better than they are.

Don't I recollect the stirrin' sermon Brother Millsap preached the one and only time Big Annie attended divine services here in the Hopeville Baptist Church? Don't I recollect the amount of brotherly and sisterly feelin' displayed at the close of that service? If I'd never seen it worked out before or since, that was enough to prove to me how much store most folks put in the "We're all alike" idea. About all the education you ever need in this life is to learn to watch the average man and woman when they're just bein' themselves.

At the time Ike Bowan married Big Annie and brought her down here in Tumbleweed Valley to live, she was one of Miss May's steady girls. Miss May run the biggest and best house on Santa Fe Avenue, up in Dawson. A house of ill-repute it would be called now, I reckon, since the general wave of reform has swept over the country. But in them days our leadin' bankers and lawyers and cattlemen used to rub shoulders in Miss May's parlor, and nobody

seemed to think much about it. I don't suppose there was a farmer or ranchman in the valley, that amounted to anything, who Big Annie couldn't call by his first name and not feel she was bein' overly intimate in doin' it.

There was some that said they couldn't understand why Ike married Big Annie, but that was never a mystery to me. Ike had run away from home, down in Texas, when he was nine years old and followed a trail herd north as far as Colorado. He'd been battered and knocked 'round, never knowin' a woman's lovin' care, for more than forty years, so when he found one that would have him, he was smart enough not to let the opportunity slip. He was short and weazened, had a cast in one eye, and if he ever got all the tobacco juice out of his beard at one time, I never happened to be 'round on that occasion.

What I couldn't understand was, why did Big Annie ever marry Ike? It may have been she had made up her mind to retire from active business and Ike was the first gate that opened on her lane, or it may have been that she was suddenly seized with a desire to become an honest woman in the eyes of the world. I ain't sayin' which, but I do know that no woman ever tried harder than Big Annie did to make her husband comfortable and happy, durin' the two years that Ike lived, after they was married.

Annie was big. Six feet tall, I reckon, and broad. Her hair was a light sorrel, and her profession hadn't hardened her blue eyes the way it does some women's. She was different, in one way at least, from most of the women in her trade—she was thrifty, kept most everything she got her hands on. Some said Big Annie owned a half interest in Miss May's house when she married Ike. Anyway, Ike added a hundred good white-faced cows to his herd the month after he brought Annie home. And I recollect, some years before that, hearin' Butch Gooch say, "George Stevens was blowin' himself up at Miss May's last night. Big Annie had her rope on him. I'll bet he comes home without his shirt."

But Big Annie must of made up her mind to bury her past, and thought that other folks would be willin' to help her shovel the dirt in on it, for the second Sunday, after she landed in our midst, she walked into the Baptist Church and set down up front beside Lize Sharp, just as Brother Millsap was windin' up the announcements for the mornin'.

The men twisted their necks most off, tryin' to get a better view from their side of the church, and the women on Big Annie's side developed an epidemic of weak lungs, quicker than I ever seen it done before.

Brother Millsap stared at Big Annie as if he was witnessin' one of them miracles bein' performed he'd preached so much about. Then he coughed a couple of times himself and added a special exhortation to the women.

"Dip your hands deep into your lard pails," he roared. "Spare not your spices, cook liberally and your best, for when you cook for our big sociable to be held next Friday

evening, you are preparin' for the Lord. Our organ is in bad shape. We have all prayed earnestly, but prayer without works availeth nothin'. Come early, bring plenty of food, ask all your friends. Let us make it a feast of good-fellowship. The cost of this glorious meal will be twenty-five cents for adults and fifteen cents for children."

Then, with a hitch at his white necktie, he opened the big Bible on the pulpit and begun the cheerin' message he'd prepared.

"Sisters and Brethern," he said, "I've chosen for my text this mornin' the twenty-eighth verse of the third chapter of Galatians."

I ain't up on the Bible, the way Ma is, but I can remember every word of that verse as plain as if Brother Millsap was standin' right here in front of us now, readin' it in that low, sanctimonious voice he used when he was in the pulpit. "There is neither Jew nor Greek, there is neither bond nor free, there is neither male nor female: for ye are all one in Christ Jesus."

I reckon he'd of switched to some other subject if he'd had time, but Big Annie sort of took him by surprise, so to speak. He'd worked hard on that sermon, you could see that as he went along. He didn't stop with the one verse, but quoted more than half the Scriptures in his effort to prove how near we all come to bein' cut off the same pattern, in the eyes of God. He mentioned Mary Magdalene and several other right prominent folks who happened along at the time the Bible was set down. Before he finished, you was about convinced that Jesus was the first Democrat.

Big Annie never took her eyes off of Brother Millsap once while he was speakin'. She leaned forward and grasped the back of the bench in front of her with her big white cotton gloves, as if she was afraid she wouldn't catch every word he said. I 'low Big Annie had never been in any church before. It sort of surprised her, maybe, to find how helpful a sermon can be, if you happen to hit the kind suited to your needs.

Brother Millsap brought his talk to a close, with, "Carry this lesson through the week, next to your hearts, Sisters and Brethern. Treat your fellow-man as Jesus would have treated him. For remember, we are all one in Christ Jesus."

Big Annie stepped out into the aisle, after the benediction, flushed and beamin' like a child. Brother Millsap brushed past her to take his stand at the door for the handshakin'. But not another soul looked her way. Them of the men who had handkerchiefs, was payin' strict attention to their noses. The women nearest the aisle turned their backs, plumb preoccupied in pickin' up their belongin's or chattin' with the women nearest them. Big Annie, head high, eyes bright, marched to the door alone. As I said, she could of called most any man in the gatherin' by his first name, but she didn't even nod to one of 'em.

She stopped at the door and held her hand out to the parson. "If that's what preachin's like, I'm for it," she boomed.

Brother Millsap turned an appled red and stuttered, "We're—we're glad to have you with us this mornin', Mrs. Bowan, I hope you'll come again."

"I will," she says. "And I'm comin' to your sociable and bring my share of the grub." Then she stalked on out, untied her horse and drove away.

The tables was set outside, the night of the sociable. Some of the boys had cleared off a patch of sagebrush in front of the church and leveled up the ground. Most of the women were gathered 'round a small table where the food was bein' heaped as it arrived.

Big Annie was a little late in gettin' there. I seen her drive in, jump out of the buggy and tie her horse. Then she took what looked like a bread-board covered with a white cloth, out of the back of her rig and walked to where the women was gathered.

It was a late May evenin' and the sun was just settin' in the crotch between the Spanish Peaks, yonder. Big Annie looked like a pink giant splotched with gold paint, she was that much bigger than most of the others. She laid the board on the table and uncovered three of the brownest, crispest pies it's ever been my pleasure to clap an eye on to. They may have smelt a bit too strong of the cup that cheers, to be exactly suitable for a Baptist sociable, but my mouth waters to this day when I think of 'em.

"They're mince," she says.

The women melted away from Big Annie like sin before the wrath of the righteous; all but old lady Parsons, who was president and actin' manager of the Ladies' Aid at that time. Old lady Parsons took one good squint at them pies, then, with the back of her left hand, she shoved 'em off the table into a box of trash that was settin' beside it. "They ain't fit for hog food," she says, loud enough to be heard all over the lot.

Big Annie backed away a step or two, and her face got redder than the natural rays of the sun was paintin' it. Brother Millsap dodged into the church, no doubt to get somethin' he'd forgot to bring out, and the rest of us present just held our breath and waited for developments.

Big Annie picked up the board the pies had been on—she was still holdin' the white rag in her hand—and turned toward where her horse was tied. She stopped for a minute on her way to the buggy, looked us all over well and smiled. I've wondered many a time since, whether Big Annie had seen enough of life to know that she might have done what old lady Parsons did, if she had been in her place, or whether she had a sort of presentiment of what was goin' to happen a couple of years later and was takin' a bit of her pleasure in advance.

I don't have to tell you that that ended the Hopeville Baptist Church as far as Big Annie was concerned. Ike's health started failin' along in the summer and she spent most of her time with him, ridin' out lookin' after the cattle or decidin' what they'd have the Mexican help do. She was a heap of satisfaction to Ike, he told me so himself, a few months before he died.

Big Annie didn't have but one woman friend in the valley, and that woman was Clarence Shy's wife. Mrs. Shy was the helpless kind, that

a smile or a friend meant a lot to. Ike Bowan's place laid on the other side of the river, on top of that bluff you see yonder, the south bank of the stream; but Shy's land was on this side, just across the creek from Ike's.

Clarence had inherited better than fifteen hundred acres from his pa, one of the first men to settle in the valley, a hard drinkin', hard fightin', money-gettin' old-timer. But by the time Big Annie was thrust upon us, as you might say, folks had worked Shy out of all but about a hundred acres. He wasn't any more like his pa than a rabbit's like a coyote. The Bible says the meek shall inherit the earth, but if you've ever noticed, you can't catch the Book up on one of its own statements. It don't say a word about how long the meek will keep the earth after they get it. Clarence was one of the meek, and he and his wife made a perfect matched team. They had four children who were like their parents both in body and spirit.

Big Annie took the Shy family under wing; sewed for the kids, put up preserves for Mrs. Shy, and told Clarence when to plant and when to harvest his crops. His land, what he had left of it, was good, and he had plenty of water. His pa built the first ditch on the river. The old man was far-sighted. He knew the land would never be worth much without the water.

With Big Annie to manage for him, Clarence begun to get ahead; paid off some of his debts and had a little money left over to live on. But prosperity is a right dangerous thing, at times. George Stevens looked over Shy's crops in the fall, and said, "Huh, we could all grow crops like them, if we had the water."

That was the beginnin' of the Tumbleweed Valley irrigation ditch. George persuaded a dozen or so of the other ranchers on this side of the river to throw in with him. They built a dam up above Shy's and took out a big ditch. That left Clarence high and dry, except at flood time. And if you know anything about irrigation, you know flood time ain't when you need the water the most.

If Ike hadn't died that fall, Big Annie would of probably figured out some way for Clarence to stop Stevens and his gang from stealin' the water. But after Ike took to his bed for the last time, Big Annie never left his room, only to bring him things to make him easier.

I recollect the day Ike died. I was helpin' the Mexican lay adobes in this very wall your leanin' against, when Big Annie drove up and motioned for me to come out. Me and Ma was livin' in that one room adobe on the back of the lot, at the time, and I had the rigs and horses I was fixin' to start my livery stable with, housed in a frame shed.

"Asy," Big Annie said, "Ike died this mornin'."

"I'm sorry to hear it, Annie," I says. "Is there anything I can do?"

"Well," she says, "maybe there is and maybe there ain't. Ike never was in a church in his life, but he was as good a man as ever wore boots. I've a hankerin' to give him a church burial. What do you think them buzzards would say if I asked for the loan of their church to bury Ike out of?"

"Annie," I says, "if I'd been born

with the power to foretell the future, instead of bein' the ornery, no-account cuss I am, even then I'd hesitate to say; I'd rather bet on the weather than most folks I know. Let's drive over and have a talk with Brother Millsap."

I could tell, right away, Brother Millsap wasn't hopeful. He said, "Mrs. Bowan, I'll be glad to preach the service and do everything I can, but—but as to usin' the church, that's a matter for the elders to decide." He glanced out of the window and I seen his face brighten. "There comes Amos Thompson this way. He's one of the elders. I'll go ask him," he says, jumpin' for the door.

His face had lost its cheerful look when he got back from talkin' to Amos. "Mrs. Bowan," he says, "Mr. Thompson don't like to decide a question of that nature without callin' a meetin' of the elders. Can I let you know later?"

Big Annie's shoulders squared. "I see how it is, parson," she says. "They've got to find out for sure that Ike wasn't neither a Jew nor a Greek. I don't believe we'd better put off havin' the funeral till they get through decidin'. If you'll let Mr. Mulberry drive you over to the ranch, day after to-morrow, we'll do the thing in a quiet way."

If it hadn't been for Mrs. Shy havin' to let her baby nurse every five minutes to keep it quiet, Ike's funeral would of been one of the nicest I ever attended. There was no outsiders present, except Brother Millsap and myself and the Shy family. We buried Ike on the bluff overlookin' the river. As we was throwin' on the last of the dirt, Big Annie glanced across the stream and seen George Stevens and the rest of 'em, workin' like prairie-dogs on the new ditch.

"What's that gang doin' over there?" she asked, catchin' hold of Clarence's arm.

"I heard somebody say they was buildin' a ditch," Clarence said, pattin' the earth with his shovel.

"That's a funny idea," Big Annie says, and we all started for the house.

Irrigatin' time was here, before Big Annie realized what the new ditch had done to Clarence. When he went to turn the water into his ditch the stream was dry, but the big ditch above him was runnin' bank-full.

I reckon Big Annie did it, or stood by and told Clarence how to do it, for the next mornin' there was a hole cut in the new ditch and all the water was runnin' back into the river.

Amos Thompson and George Stevens rode up to see Clarence. He was out in the alfalfa, spreadin' the water.

"Shy," Thompson roared, "you cut our ditch last night, and if you ever set foot on the bank again, we'll throw you in jail for life."

Clarence wiped the mud off his shovel handle. "I've always had the water to use," he says.

"We've filed on this water accordin' to the laws of Colorado," Stevens put in. "It ain't our funeral if you've been asleep all these years, and if you can't farm without water, you'd better move off and find you another place."

I 'low that's exactly what Shy would of done, too, if it hadn't been for Big Annie. 'Course, he really

owned what water he'd used, accordin' to law. But as I say, he was one of the meek. Big Annie's education had been limited to dealin' direct with mankind, so she wasn't up on legal matters. The only way she knew to fight was to cut the ditch, which she did or had Clarence do, the very next night.

The other side knew they was stealin' Shy's water, so they wasn't over anxious to drag him into court, for fear some smart lawyer would get hold of him and tie a knot in their scheme. Thompson and Stevens threatened some more but they didn't have Clarence arrested. Instead, they hired José Marufo, a burly, pock-marked Mexican, to guard the ditch nights.

Marufo hadn't been on the job more than a week till he turned up missin' one sunshiny mornin', and there was no water in the new ditch. When George Stevens rode up to the headgate to see what was the matter, he found the bank cut again, and Marufo's body, all sieved with buckshot, lyin' in a clump of willows, not fifty feet further on.

Well, I reckon there wasn't a person of thinkin' age in the valley who believed Clarence Shy killed Marufo. Clarence wasn't the kind of a man to kill anything. He even hired somebody to come do the butcherin' for him when he happened to have a hog or a heifer fat enough to slaughter. But every last man interested in the new ditch swore he knew for a fact that Shy done the shootin'.

There's nothin' much more annoyin' than to have somebody standin' in your way when you're tryin' to steal somethin', and that was the fix the Tumbleweed Valley Ditch Company was in. The quicker they got rid of Clarence, the quicker they could go about their thievin' unmolested. They had the sheriff down from Dawson to arrest Shy before the sun set that evenin', and persuaded Judge Beck to lay all other matters aside in order to try the nefarious murderer at once.

The trial was short and to the point, as you might say. The courtroom was packed; most all of Tumbleweed Valley had come into Dawson to see justice meted out.

Clarence made as poor a witness in his own behalf as the opposin' side could of asked for. He confessed to cuttin' the ditch twice before, but denied killin' Marufo and breakin' the bank the night the Mexican was shot.

Mrs. Shy got on the stand and said, "It—it couldn't of been Clarence. He—he went to bed at the same time I did the night of—the—the night it happened." And when the prosecutin' attorney asked her how she knew he didn't get up later to go out and shoot Marufo, she turned an alkali-white, and stuttered, "I—I couldn't be sure. But I'm a light sleeper, on account of havin' to be up with the children so much, and I'm—I'm almost positive I'd of felt him get out of bed."

Big Annie set in the court-room every minute the trial was goin' on. She wore the black dress she'd bought when Ike died, and all the curl was combed out of her yellow hair. She'd look at Clarence and shake her head when he'd say somethin' on the stand that was hurtin' his case. He'd glance at her, then turn away quick, as if he was afraid.

The prosecutin' attorney made what come pretty near bein' a fatal mistake; he called Big Annie as his last witness. "Mrs. Bowan," he says, "you've been a close neighbor of the defendant for some time. Have you ever heard him say anything which would lead you to believe he was not on friendly terms with the deceased, José Marufo?"

Big Annie slapped her hands down on the arms of the witness-chair, and her eyes blazed. "If you mean," she shouted, "do I think Clarence Shy shot that worthless Mexican? No! And what's more, there ain't a man in this room who knows Shy, that believes it either, if they'd tell the truth."

"That'll do," says the attorney, and Big Annie stomped down off the stand.

Judge Beck made quite a speech on the evils of lettin' greed force you into acts you would afterwards repent of, when he sentenced Clarence. He finished by sayin', "Clarence Shy, you have been found guilty of murder in the first degree by a jury of twelve men. The court has the power to sentence you to life imprisonment at hard labor. But because this is your first offence, and when you enter the prison gates you are leavin' a wife and four children, the court is goin' to show the maximum leniency. I sentence you to hard labor in the penitentiary for twenty years."

When Judge Beck said, "twenty years," Big Annie rose up from the bench where she was settin', her mouth opened and closed, then she sank back without makin' a sound.

Her face was drawn and haggard when she shook Shy's hand, before they led him back into jail. "I'll look after the Missus and kids the best I can, Clarence, while you're away," I heard her say.

And I says to myself, "Well, Annie, you've got a family on your hands for the rest of your life, for they'd better hang a man like Clarence Shy and be done with it, than to send him up for twenty years. He won't last five."

The trial was about the middle of May, and I reckon Big Annie put in one of the busiest summers of her life, from then on until fall, runnin' her own place and lookin' after the Shys. She come over to Billy Debusk's store on an average of twice a week to buy provisions, shoes for the kids and cloth to make 'em clothes.

I was busy roofin' this buildin', buildin' stalls for the horses and one thing and another. Sometimes when Big Annie would be passin', I'd yell and ask how things was movin' along; that is, if Ma wasn't anywheres 'round.

"We're makin' it," she'd call back, happy as a hen that's found herself a brood of chicks.

By September, I'd almost quit wonderin' about Clarence's family. Other folks troubles have a way of slippin' out of your mind, easy-like. But one mornin' Big Annie pulled her horse to a stop right in front of the barn.

"Asy," she says, "we're havin' a hell of a time at Shy's. Three of the children are down with scarlet fever, and Mrs. Shy's in bed, expectin' another baby any day."

"That's tough, Annie," I says. "What do you suggest?"

"Money and somebody to help

nurse," she snapped. "Somethin's got to be done."

"Well," I says, "they're havin' a harvest sociable at the church tonight. Crops have been good under the new ditch. I'll try takin' up a collection and you can count on me for twenty-five dollars."

"That's a grand idea, Asy. I'll count on your help," she says, chuckin' her horse into a trot.

That afternoon I told Ma I was ridin' out to look for a matched team, bein' about ready to open the livery-stable full force. But instead, I rode up the river to Shy's place. If I was goin' to make a plea for aid that evenin', I figured as how I ought to be an eyewitness to the misery.

The fences on the Shy place was down and Amos Thompson's cattle was trompin' the fields into dust. The adobes was showin' through the plasterin' on the house, as if it had just come through a hard case of smallpox.

Big Annie answered the door when I knocked. She was carryin' the youngest child in her arms, a baby less than two years old. The tears was streamin' down Big Annie's face like April rain. She stood there, shakin' her head without sayin' a word. Then she leaned over and kissed the baby. "It's dead!" she sobbed. "That gang killed it."

After a minute or two she straightened up and said, "You've got to go in and tell her, Asy, I can't."

Well, sir, by the time I landed at the sociable that night, I was so het up over the way the Shys had been treated, I was ready to go through the crowd with a gun and take their money away from them.

Brother Millsap suggested that we'd all go into the church and open the festivities with a prayer of thanks.

"When he gets through prayin'," I says to myself, "will be a good time for me to begin on 'em about the Shys."

He prayed at length, as most preachers do. He asked divine guidance for all the known races, singly and united. As I recollect, the Eskimo was the only one he overlooked. He advised the Lord as to their needs and how best to handle them. He mentioned the weather and suggested the kind most acceptable at that time. He thanked the Lord for bein' so generous with the farmers in the valley; told the Lord how we all appreciated the smile of his approval, and how hard we'd struggled to make ourselves worthy of his kindness and mercy and bountiful blessin's. He went on till I reckon there wasn't a person in the church, except myself, who didn't feel like their harp and halo was hangin' on the bench right in front of 'em.

As he breathed a fervent "Amen," I got to my feet and was in the act of clearin' my throat, when I heard somebody stridin' down the aisle. I glanced out the corner of my eye and seen Big Annie. Big Annie in a flamin' red dress, wearin' a whole garden of red poppies on her head, and carryin' a white sack under her arm. She couldn't of been redder, if she'd been the original pillar of fire.

She marched straight on to the platform, elbowed Brother Millsap to one side, and slapped down her sack, square on the big Bible.

"Christians," she says, without takin' time to catch her breath,

"I've come here this evenin' to raise some money for the Shy family. They're in desperate need, and it'll take about five hundred dollars to see 'em through."

I'll swan, you could almost see the walls of the church sway out and in, the folks settin' there was breathin' that hard.

"I've always made my own way," Big Annie went on, "ever since I can remember, and I ain't never asked anybody for a cent I didn't earn. So I ain't come here to beg off of you this evenin'. As most of the men in the audience know, I've been a savin' woman, and it's part of my savin's I've brought along with me." She touched the bag layin' on the Bible and stopped long enough to look us all over good.

"I've got what I call my keepsakes in that bag," she said. "Hat bands, silk shirts, a scatterin' of playin' cards, a letter or two, odds and ends too numerous to mention. But some place on every one of 'em is the name of the party who donated the gift, and in many instances there's a brief sentiment scratched above the name. These keepsakes are dear to me, for they remind me of the days when I had so many friends who were anxious to help me get along in the world. But I'm goin' to offer every one of 'em for sale to-night, auction 'em off to the highest bidders, in order to raise money for Mrs. Shy and her children."

George Stevens shuffled to his feet in the back of the church and took a step toward the door, lookin' as straight down his nose, as a man with a broken nose can.

"Set down, George," Big Annie yelled and George set down. "I wouldn't like to have you miss this sale. It'll be interestin'. But before we begin the auction, I think it's only fair to call on, say twelve of the most influential men here this evenin'. Some, or all of 'em, might be hankerin' to give as much as fifty dollars apiece, and me not know it. If that was the case, I might not have to part with all my keepsakes. Understand, though, I ain't askin' for the money to be donated. I'm here and ready to sell the last thing in that bag, if it's necessary."

She unfolded a piece of paper she had in her hand and held it off from her, as if she was tryin' to make out what was on it.

"Amos Thompson," Big Annie read.

"I give fifty dollars for the good of the cause," Amos shouted.

"Well done, brother," she said, imitatin' Brother Millsap to a T. "The next name appears to be George Stevens."

"Fifty for me, too," George groaned.

Big Annie went on down the list; Butch Gooch, Lipe Standard, Bruce East, Eli Jefferson, twelve of 'em, and every one of 'em donated the same amount. The walls of that church actually sprung three inches from the sigh of relief that was exhaled when she got through with her list.

The men started shufflin' their feet, gettin' ready to make a break for air, but Big Annie held up her hand and said, "Just a minute. I've got a couple of other little matters I want to call to your attention, before the meetin' adjourns. I know there's not a person in this

church who believes that Clarence Shy shot José Marufo. That bein' the case, it won't strain your sense of justice or hurt your standin' as good Christians to do what I'm goin' to ask you."

She reached down into her bosom and pulled out a couple of papers. Her dress was cut low in front, and she brought 'em forth with a flourish.

"I got a lawyer in Dawson to write these papers for me," she said, holdin' 'em out in front of her, careful like, "when I seen how bad off Mrs. Shy and her babies was gettin', so they're legal. One of 'em is a request for a pardon for Clarence Shy, and the lawyer says he'll have Clarence out of the pen inside of thirty days, if everybody who testified against him will sign it. The other paper is a deed to Shy for a fifth interest in that fine new ditch you've built. The deed's legal too. Step up gentlemen. I know you'll all want to sign. The drinks are on the house."

A silence louder than a whole army of brass bands hung over that huddled bunch of church-members for a minute. Then Big Annie reached out and touched the sack which was layin' on the Bible. If a bolt of lightnin' had struck the buildin', them men couldn't of been on their feet quicker, or struggled harder to reach the pulpit.

After everybody had signed up in full, and Big Annie was makin' her way out, she motioned to me to come too. I followed her 'round to the side of the church.

"Asy," she says, "there's somethin' on my mind that's troublin' me a lot. I want your advice."

"I don't own nothin' that I give as cheerful, Annie," I says.

"Well," she says, "I know who killed José Marufo. It was a Mexican girl by the name of Rafelita Montoya. She's livin' in an adobe shack on my place, now, and José's the father of her baby. She confessed to me because I've been helpin' her to get enough to eat. Do you think it's my duty to turn her over to the law?"

"Annie," I says, "it's always been my plan to let sleepin' dogs take their rest; if they didn't need it, they wouldn't be sleepin'."

"Thanks a lot, Asy, for them comfortin' words. That's the way I feel about it, too," she says, and started for her rig. Then she stopped, come back and chuckled in my ear, "And, Asy, I want to tell you that that there Bible book has got things down pretty pat. We're all alike, neither Jew nor Greek, free or tied up, when we get in a tight place. I ain't got a thing in this bag but some old rags and a strap or two." And she patted the sack under her arm.

The Passing of the Scientific Era

Its Undue Domination and Its Independence of Other Human Interests Are Doomed

John Wright Buckham

In spite of age-long racial experience, the illusion that the particular age in which a given generation lives, with its dominant powers and ideas, is final, is one that is continually arising and as continually being shattered.

Our own age has witnessed a striking instance of what may be called the *delusion of finality* in respect to its major interest, Natural Science. It is now a hundred years, roughly speaking, since Auguste Comte (in 1826) began in Paris the first course of lectures on the "Positive Philosophy" in which he set forth the doctrine of the "Three States." According to this well-known formula humanity has passed through two successive stages, the theological and the metaphysical, and has entered the third, positive or scientific, stage. Comte himself outgrew his assumption of the finality of positivism, and attempted to supply its lack by founding a new religion, but the idea which he had fathered persisted. The conception of the finality and sufficiency of Natural Science, fostered in one form or another by Herbert Spencer, Huxley, Tyndall and many other men of breadth—rather than depth—of vision, obtained a fixed hold in the nineteenth century and continued—in spite of misgivings—until the World War. The shock of that great upheaval left no dogma undisturbed, and compelled Science, as well as philosophy and religion, to reconsider its *principia.*

Lest there be confusion as to what is meant by the term Science in this article, let me first define it as follows: Science is the organization of a body of experience in a given field, gathered by induction, formulated by hypothesis and deduction, tested by experiment, and progressively related to other new fields of experience and to new conditions. This, of course, covers the phenomena in every field of experience including, for example, religion; but in common usage, and as here employed, "Science" is confined to the examination and organization of sense phenomena—that is, Natural Science.

Within the last ten years a feeling has been growing that Natural Science is not only less certain as to its content but less complete in its scope and far less assuredly beneficent in all of its effects than had been, somewhat unscientifically, assumed. A number of events have conspired to deepen this doubt, until now—al-

though Science is as active and successful as ever—there are many indications that it is imperceptibly but surely losing the strength of its hold, as the spirit of the age restlessly seeks after something to satisfy cravings which Science is unable to meet. A new mental attitude is forming. A new era opens.

"The cloudy sails are set; the earth-ship swings
Along the sea of [thought] to grander things."

All this is not mere accident but is in accord with an eternal *law* (logos) which gives meaning to change.

It has been a great and beneficent era in many respects—this of the dominion of Science—but it is due to pass, "lest one good [era] should corrupt the world." Its passing is likely to prove a wholesome and prophetic disillusionment and fraught with future good.

By the passing of the Scientific Era is not meant the passing of Science itself. Science has brought inestimable gain to humanity in knowledge, in method, in human, as well as in material advancement. To challenge this would be the height of folly. Science will go on with its conquests and its beneficences; but its glamour, its dominion over other interests, its inclination toward self-sufficiency are already disappearing.

The causes of the growing disillusionment with respect to Science may be described as, first, a sense of its inability to accomplish what was expected of it and, second, a growing consciousness—springing up within as well as without the domain of Science—of its inner limitations and inadequacy.

The incompetence of Science to meet certain deep-lying human needs has shown itself in at least three directions: first, its failure to throw any real light upon the meaning of human existence and of the universe; second, its incompetence to furnish a satisfactory type of education; and third, its inability to foster moral and spiritual principles sufficient to sustain individual and social integrity and good-will.

The failure of Science to throw light on the ultimate problems of man and of the universe has only slowly and as yet partially become manifest. Its successes have been so signal and so repeated that it has seemed again and again to be on the point of unveiling, now the secret of life, now the nature of matter—or of its increasingly refined and subtle substitutes—and now the inner structure and working of the mind itself. But these hopes have been awakened only to be frustrated. Not only have old difficulties obstinately refused solution, but new and formidable ones have arisen through the agency of Science itself. "Events" are even more puzzling than substances. The atom as "a center from which radiations travel" is as ethereal as *Ariel*. Electricity is a kind of will-o'-the-wisp, and the mind is proving the most elusive of Undines. As the universe has expanded, both as regards its magnitudes and its minitudes, its mystery has increased proportionately until Science is almost pathetically powerless before the Unknown. Science has, in fact, only magnified the causes for the wonder in which, according to Plato, philosophy begins and the awe in which, according to Otto, religion

takes its rise. It is characteristic of Science that it can find no meaning in mystery which to religion is so full of significance. To religion mystery means, in the words of Professor Hocking, "I know not, but it is known"; to Science mystery means only impotence and frustration—the end of the trail.

Evolution, which for a time seemed so full of promise, both theoretically and practically, has itself become a problem. It has assumed as many forms as Proteus. There has been an evolution of evolution and the end is not yet. Moreover evolution has disclosed a perverse tendency to work both ways. Devolution has forced its way forward to dispute the field with evolution. The "Escalator Evolution," as Marshall Dawson has termed it, of the nineteenth century has broken down. The escalator when it operates seems to be as ready to carry its passengers downward as upward. This is unfortunate, but must be reckoned with.

As evolution has assumed the guise of *pan-evolution* and threatened to engulf the soul of man in an Impersonal Nature, the common people, ignorant but not indifferent, have shown a disposition to rise against it and in some sections of our semi-religious country have undertaken to legislate evolution out of their schools and universities. All this is extremely foolish but it raises the question whether the more ardent and clamant protagonists of Evolution have not overpassed their bounds and exceeded what a far-sighted American philosopher long since termed "the limits of evolution." The fear has arisen of evolution becoming, if not "procuress to the lords of hell" at least the insidious, though unintentional, foe of morals and religion, public and private.

What is needed is a re-appraisal of evolution—such as Science of itself alone is unable to make—in the light of the wider law of development, of which it is but the root and prophecy. This alone will reveal the relation of evolution to other cosmic and spiritual laws and will disclose not only its scope and significance but also its necessary limits.

Another at least partial failure of Science lies in the field of education, especially higher education. Science is implicated in this failure since it is the major factor in contemporary education.

It may seem an injustice to charge education with even partial failure, in view of the illiteracy it has banished, the vast numbers whom it is training and the efficiency of method which it has achieved; but any one who could be wholly satisfied with the methods and results of present-day education would thereby prove himself but imperfectly educated. Granted that great progress in educational technique has been made, especially in dealing with various grades of mentality, surely no true educator can be content with the present concentration upon vocational, commercial and technical subjects to the neglect of that knowledge of the Best which Matthew Arnold designated as culture.

There can be no doubt whatever that the study of Natural Science has contributed a certain spirit and method to education which is invaluable and permanent. Thoroughness, accuracy, patience in induction, test-

ing by experiment, readiness to accept new forms of knowledge—these resultants of Science can never henceforth be dispensed with in any adequate system of education. (These virtues, however, characterize the courses *in* Science rather than the courses *about* Science to adopt a distinction used by Professor Shorey.) Nevertheless the mind that has been trained simply, or predominantly, in Science is an unconsciously meager and ill-furnished mind. The range of its interests is mainly technical and specialized. To look into a mind of this type is like looking into a laboratory. It is excellent as a workshop, but there are no pictures on the walls, no books, no flowers, no fireplace, no windows opening on garden, field and sky. What are the resources of such a mind, its points of contact with human-kind? What will happen to it in the years that fail to bring "the philosophic mind" and comprehensive sympathies? Surely this is an insufficient education. Education should release, refine and enlarge to the utmost the powers of imagination, creation, reflection, sympathy, catholicity. True education produces not a mechanized mind that is efficient and nothing more but a *personality*. Its ideal is not mere efficiency but true culture—not a specialized or standardized mind, but a free, harmonious and evaluating mind.

This leads to the third and chief failure of Science: *its inability to supply moral principle and motive.* This was revealed with startling clearness in the recent world cataclysm. Instead of blocking the war, as had been predicted, Science fed its fires with new methods of propaganda and multiplied its destructive agencies a hundredfold, devising deadly explosives and poisons that threatened the extinction of civilization itself. That was not, to be sure, the fault of Science itself, but of those who put it to such deadly uses. Yet the fact that this was possible and that scientists lent themselves to the frightful enterprise places the corporate body of Science beside the Church in undeniable moral default. This has given Science a sinister aspect and possibilities that can never be washed entirely from its once untarnished escutcheon.

Not only so, but Science possesses *within itself* no motive power to lift mankind to a happier and nobler estate. True, its achievements have brought untold gain to human life and happiness and many of its representatives have been among the noblest benefactors of mankind—not a few among the martyrs of the race. Yet Science itself has merely furnished the field and opportunity of this devotion. The motives which inspired its devotees have been moral, humanitarian and spiritual. Not a few scientists have supposed that in devoting themselves to the welfare of humanity they were actuated by Science itself. This is not so. They have found opportunity in Science, not motive. Without those motives which actuate men as men, that is, as moral agents, Science may be used for malevolent as efficiently as for beneficent ends.

Biology has given birth to eugenics, but a eugenics without moral quality or spiritual temper is as perilous as it is obnoxious to those more sensitive instincts which have made marriage, in some instances at

least, a sacrament. Anthropology, with its disclosure of a common anthropoid ancestry, is informing, as well as humbling, but it gives no impetus to racial brotherhood. Are we to love each other for the sake of those efficient simian ancestors of ours, "Irascible Strong" and "Tricksy Cunning," who roamed the forests of eld? We may not disdain them, for some of their traits are still ours, but it is not incumbent upon us to hang their portraits in our art galleries and schoolrooms and churches.

A psychology which professes to be scientific has fathered that singularly dehumanizing monstrosity, behaviorism, and has led us into the bat-infested cave, as it has been well termed, of Freudianism. From both behaviorism and psychoanalysis we may learn much, but should we proudly teach them to our students as the *final word* concerning the human mind? It is the assumption of finality that curses such semi-sciences. As for economics and sociology, they are available for wise and fruitful use only when supplied with adequate principles and motives.

The failure of Science to throw light on the ultimate problems of existence, to furnish an adequate education, and to nourish and sustain the human spirit, are not, however, the only, nor yet the most convincing, evidences of the passing of the Scientific Era. There is another and more weighty evidence still. I refer to the growing consciousness of the insufficiency of an isolated and rapidly formulated Natural Science and of the paucity of its resources to meet the problems which itself raises. This sense of insufficiency would not be so significant if it were confined to the critics of Science and the representatives of interests which feel themselves suppressed or slighted. The noteworthy fact is, that doubt of the sufficiency of Science to meet its problems alone is arising *among scientists themselves.*

The advent of Relativity was much more than a disturbing trembler within the domain of physics. It shook the whole structure of Science. The importance of *the observing mind* suddenly thrust itself with startling force upon the attention of the scientific world. The effect has been disconcerting. The observing and calculating mind, by reference to which all objects are relative—why should *it* be so crucial? Why should the observer—mere speck as he is in the vast domain of Nature—loom so large?

"Thou art the unanswered question;
Couldst see thy proper eye,
Alway it asketh, asketh;
And each answer is a lie.
So, take thy quest through nature
It through thousand natures ply:
Ask on, thou clothed eternity;
Time is the false reply."

"We find that space and time themselves, and all objects that fall within them," wrote the late Lord Haldane, "including the self, when so regarded, are there, present, past and future, only in relation to the self that holds them together and in unison. . . . The self reaches over all objects."

Here is a truth that cannot be refuted and yet one that the scientist has never yet adequately recognized. At last the scales are falling from his

mental vision. Witness the eye of the scientist turned from *without* to *within!* What astonishment, what perplexity are his! What problems confront him, which he must meet before he can again look out confidently upon Nature! When, at length, after examining thoroughly his own mind, he looks once more upon Nature all is changed; for *Mind* now is there, his own mind, the mind of his fellows, and perchance an All-inclusive Mind. Here is transformation, readjustment, reorientation. Will the scientist make it? Can he make it? The answer is that, through some of his leading representatives, he *is* making it. For, at last, he is coming to see that he cannot neglect or evade philosophy if he would keep Science itself. For this reason the scientist is himself becoming a philosopher—and no mean one either.

One of the most important recent events in the history of thought is the belated but firmly adopted resolve on the part of outstanding scientists to examine the concepts of Science. Space, time, cause, effect, force, induction, hypothesis—these familiar categories which have so long been in use in Science have always been taken for granted, little questioned as to their origin or meaning or validity. Of late, however, the spirit of Socrates seems to have come to haunt laboratory and class-room, asking such penetrative questions as: What do you mean by *Science*, *Space*, *Time*, *Measure*, *Cause*, *Motion* and the rest? Is it not high time to inquire into these concepts which you use so freely? An unexamined Science is no better than an unexamined life.

Scientists are giving belated attention to these Socratic queries, thus facing tasks which, though growing out of Science, are essentially philosophical. For Science leads up to philosophy, as does every other examination of experience. In this way there has already arisen a group of *scientist-philosophers* who are commanding world-wide attention—represented by Professors Whitehead, Eddington and Hobson, Dr. Lloyd Morgan and others—who are reëxamining the concepts of Science and reaching extremely important results.

The eminent Cambridge physicist, Professor Eddington, for example, has recently described the external world as "a symposium of the presentations to individuals in all sorts of circumstances." "It is a very relevant fact," continues Professor Eddington, "that physics is now in course of abandoning all claim to a type of knowledge which it formerly asserted without hesitation. Moreover these considerations indicate the limits to the sphere of exact science."

Yet this movement is not so recent as might be supposed. Mach, for example, distinguished three periods in scientific thought, the first experimental, the second deductive and the third theoretical. As Needham states: "Scientific descriptions, mechanistic descriptions, according to Mach, are 'quite fictitious, though still valuable modes of describing phenomena, and to place the laws of physics actually in external nature is to hypostatize the abstractions of purely human origin.'"

Physics is leading in the more comprehensive view of Science which is emerging, but physics is not alone in

awaking to the mental factors involved in its subject-matter. From the point of view of biology, for example, comes a very significant word from Joseph Needham, Biochemist of Cambridge University, who after an able defense of Biological Mechanism against Neo-vitalism, shows how far Mechanism is from explaining the subjective, *mental* phenomena associated with life. Thus:

"Naturalism gained ground by immense strides during the first seventy-five years of the nineteenth century, but came to a climax about then and has been undergoing severe criticism ever since. . . . There is a profoundly subjective factor in science—quite unrealized by men such as Huxley and Tyndall. The scientific man plays an active part in the selection of the facts before him, and his selection of those facts is determined by the construction of his mind."

Chemistry, too, is passing beyond the test-tube and the retort. "The strength of Science," declares Gilbert N. Lewis, Professor of Chemistry in the University of California (in the Yale University Silliman Lectures of 1926) "lies in its naïveté." Again, in his "The Anatomy of Science," he says: "Science is like life itself; if we could foresee all the obstacles that lie in our path we would not attack even the first, but would settle down to self-centered contemplation. The average scientist unequipped with the powerful lenses of philosophy, is a nearsighted creature, and cheerfully attacks each difficulty in the hope that it may prove to be the last. He is not given to minute analysis of his own methods. Indeed, if he should become too self-conscious he might lose his power, like the famous centipede who, after too profound analysis of his own method of locomotion, found he could no longer walk."

Admirable as this naïveté of Science has been in productive results, it can no longer pass unchallenged, as it has done in the past. The hour has arrived for Science to become self-conscious and, like the hypothetical self-conscious centipede, to halt on its way to consider its method of locomotion and also the direction which it is taking.

Not only have many progressive scientists come to recognize the need of philosophy in achieving a synthetic view-point, but of religion as well. Eminent scientists, like J. Arthur Thomson, Robert A. Millikan, Michael Pupin, J. Y. Simpson and others have not shunned the religious implications of Science, indeed have emphasized them; so that to-day we have a very significant and influential testimony on the part of leading scientists as to the essential place and value of religion. It has remained for a geologist, Kirtley F. Mather, among others, to perceive that, "in the last analysis Science and religion both rest on faith."

All this is quite generally taken to be—indeed scientists themselves take it to be—evidence of the advance of Science. It is an advance of Science, but *an advance across its own borders into the large and free fields of philosophy and toward the wide horizons of religion.* In other words we have here the best evidence of the passing, not of Science itself, but of its undue domination and its independence of other—may we not say even greater—human interests.

Portrait of a Charming Person

The Perilous Career of Being Pleasant

Irwin Edman

David is now in the late thirties. It was at about the age of eighteen that he became enough aware of being charming to drift into it, first reluctantly, as a career. But he might have known it earlier. Ever since he could remember, ladies visiting his mother, had scarcely been able to refrain—few of them had refrained—from running their fingers through his fair curly hair. And it was impossible to count up all the sins of omission and commission that had been forgiven him by innumerable teachers, male and female, out of obeisance to a smile that served as or in place of an explanation. He had won presents and attention from a bachelor uncle whom nobody else in the family could soften or even approach. Besides which, he brought at earliest adolescence, the gift of an always half-playful tact to add to the seductions of his hair, his eyes and his smile.

But before he was eighteen, he could scarcely be said to have been aware of what it was he was doing to the people he met, or what were the benefits that accrued from it. If his gallant jests and gracious flatteries were always nicely effective, it was truly instinct or the dictation of the gods that prompted them, not a conscious art. Nor as a child had it ever occurred to him to smile because it pleased his bachelor uncle. As for his curly hair, he if thought about it at all, it was with annoyance. To too many visiting old ladies at his grandmother's was it a passport to an intimacy he did not cherish and to a gurgled expression of "Darling Child," that made him writhe inwardly and blush outwardly, the latter to the delight of the gurgling old ladies and the provocation to their further gurgling.

It was at eighteen and at college that he first became aware of being charming. At first indeed the awareness of it bothered him. (About the fact there could be no doubt.) For he had a mind below the curly brown hair, and an unmistakable spirit lay behind the surface of his smile. He came to resent, in the first flush of his preoccupation with intellectual things, those surface elements of his personality, which, though they made him the cynosure of all feminine eyes and the admiration of many masculine ones, seemed essentially trivial and more than a trifle effeminate. He resented being asked to parties because he could always be counted upon to say the appropriate thing delicately or wittily or

both. He disliked having the girls regard him as an amiable angel and the boys envy him as a handsome wit. He came, therefore, consciously to guard against his own charm as if it were a plague to himself and to others. A note of malice crept into his railleries. He learned to say cruel things, though as smilingly and urbanely as ever. His head, however fair and curly, could nod unmistakable hauteur or disdain. He succeeded even in being repelling, at least to those whom he wished to repel. For his friends the iron in his utterance came to lend a firmer note to his charm. And the note of disdain to strangers gave to his friends a precious sense of monopoly. Nor try as he would, he could not be very brutal, and too often what he intended to be icy or shattering was regarded as cool whimsy and healing caprice.

Certainly it was his charm that won him the friendship of both those whose intellectual interests he transcended or who transcended his, and the favors of girls at dances and at home. But it was something more and something different, qualities of mind and character, that won him first place scholastically at college and at law school thereafter. His friends and those who were not his friends predicted great things for him. He had all the intellectual virtues, logical sagacity, imagination, curiosity, industry. He would certainly, when he graduated from law school, every one was agreed, be a distinguished member of the bar. He would be a judge possibly. The most optimistic whispered something about the Supreme Court.

When David was in his late twenties, those who had known him ten years before, began to have their doubts. He had achieved a position of responsibility in a law office of importance. But one began to hear that that would be the end. By that quick anonymous diffusion that constitutes the electric current of rumor among a circle of friends, it soon became silently though definitely established that David was through.

There were, as there are always, diverse explanations of a precocious talent thus apparently early quenched or expended, of a flash in the pan, of a head once apparently good at books, now bewildered and lost in the world. Retrospectively there began to be doubts as to how good David had really been at college and how competent a lawyer he really was. It began even to be suggested that it was charm that had brought David the little distance he had come. But none of his friends, not even the most cynical, the most disappointed or the most querulous, could or tried to contest the fact that David was as charming as ever.

For time which robbed others of their persuasiveness, had somehow contrived to add to his. His wit, if it had lost its undergraduate exuberance had gained the distinction of restraint. His nonchalance, once practised as protection, had now become an authentic habit. He was a bachelor without a bachelor's crustiness; he was a mature man without a mature man's disillusions. At least that was the impression produced upon people at the parties and dinners he attended. And as his

own disillusions grew, David went to parties more and more. As his own career disintegrated into a meaningless and unadvancing routine, he came to relish the one field, wherein, whatever other fields his friends might conquer, he remained supreme. He could now turn out at will that graciousness which at college had been a gift so spontaneous as to be something almost to be ashamed of. He could produce to order a smile that had come once almost against his will. These last few years—David was now in his early thirties—he began to live only after his hours at the office were over, only when he was with other people and only when he was with more than one of them at once. His relations with other people had become a formal art whose pattern and essence were to appear formless. He loved to touch the lives of many people and remain himself untouched, to touch many people easily, effectually and above all casually. He wished to attach them to himself by the brightest but also the lightest and most breakable of threads. It was only when he thus touched them that he himself felt alive. His own life became simply that of a moving circumference in a succession of charmed circles. When he was alone, which he contrived to make as infrequently as possible, he was both dull and confused. He might indeed be said to have been hardly alive when he was alone. For when he was alone there was no one to touch him to the edged grace, the nicely turned feeling, the *amene* thought. For to be alive meant not simply to touch other people, but to conquer them with the winning word, the capturing smile, the epithet at once bright and lovable.

It was this, above all, that David needed in order to live: he must be loved. Not too deeply, it is true, for one could not be loved deeply by many; and David, finding that every one liked him easily, came to feel it a blot upon his record if he could not be liked by all. It was enough to ruin an evening and the following day if there was any one at a party who remained casual of or obdurate to him. He lived upon reports brought back to him about how rare a guest he was. He would make very special efforts to win over the dubious, and hate only as a last desperation those whom he could not win over to love.

Time passed. David was now thirty-eight, much younger though he seemed. One heard of him from an ever-widening circle of acquaintances. Acquaintances rather than friends. There must have been a thousand persons who felt they knew David from the warmth with which he greeted them and from that so friendly smile which seemed invented for the person upon whom it was momentarily and casually bestowed. There was an ever-widening circle with whom David became a kind of legend, a synonym for the ultimate in charm. Yet one never seemed to meet any one who knew him very well. At parties where he bobbed up he always seemed to be a good friend of some one other than the host. At dinner one might be sure that the lady at his right had heard of him, though it was impossible to tell how or where or why. One could be sure, too, that she

would wish to meet him again. She would meet him again doubtless, at somebody else's dinner. But nobody, either man or woman, seemed to see David often or for very long at a time or for more than a season. Each year always brought a new crop of persons who found David simply adorable. If one could have imagined this perpetual youth dead, then it would have been necessary to picture the whole town as attending the funeral.

Nor must it be construed that those people who were entranced by David met him simply at other people's houses. David gave parties himself in his tasteful quiet house, whose works and prints revealed a taste discriminating and gentlemanly, though it was the owner's presence alone that lifted it from taste into winsomeness and distinction. But somehow at those afternoons and evenings in David's house, it was impossible to imagine him there alone or with an intimate friend or with a wife or with a thought in his head—or thinking. What was the man behind the mask of wit and faultless manners and a kind of youthfulness which a little gray at the temples seemed only to accentuate? David was lovable. But what was there to love?

Several women had asked themselves that question, not without bitterness, when they had found it impossible to find anything more than a gallant and bubbling courtesy in his attentions. Several men had asked themselves that question when they had tried to pour out intimacies and confessions to a man who seemed gentle and understanding enough to receive them—until one tried. David had asked himself the question sometimes, though rarely. The self-interrogation occurred usually just after he had come home from a particularly brilliant social success.

There was that evening at the Grahams. It was the kind of evening when he was best calculated to shine. Every one present was intelligent and alert and just a little less articulate than David. There was one lawyer in the company, of his own age and of far more than his own distinction. There was a poet, hard and crystal in her writing, shy and mumbling in her talk. There was a silent visiting Englishman and a boy just out of college, who looked a little like David and looked as if he wished he could talk like him. Among those present, in qualities of character, loyalty, depths and devotion, he certainly had not the largest share. But by some inscrutable aptitude he did most of the talking, without seeming to, dominated the conversation with a sort of protesting shyness, and sounded an almost aggressively lyrical note, though he gave the impression of being restrained. He left a little early; a habit he had fallen into. He left with a sure sense that they were speaking about him—pleasantly. He was perfectly clear as to what was being said. Yet suddenly on the way home, in the loneliness of his own unsupported afterglow, in the midst of his self-consciousness of social success, he wondered curiously and skeptically about those gifts which made him so wide and so superficially beloved. Waking at two in the morning, he realized, almost for the first time in

his life, that his charm was a combination of tricks, half congenital, half acquired. What his essence was these people did not know, nor did he himself. David at the age of thirty-eight cursed himself and all his social works and the works that in the delight of his own social charm, he had long given up doing.

How much in the way of character he had cut out to preserve the insouciant amiability he lavished upon all! How much he had recoiled from any intensity lest it corrupt the smoothness of his own pointless unagonized manner! How much he had refused to be himself in any direction or very completely, lest he violate the polished contour of that pliable surface which had endeared him so much to all.

There were doubtless a dozen times in those later thirties that David had examined himself at two in the morning. One rather suspects it was some such self-examination that had prompted him, one bright morning in June on the way to Europe, to consider throwing himself into the ocean and end for once and all that nothingness he had become. But he realized how out of character it would be for one so charming as he to commit so gruesome an act. Instead he walked the deck to make himself agreeable to a young woman whom he would doubtless never see again once they landed at Cherbourg.

David will never commit suicide. He will, I am certain, cease to commune with himself at two in the morning. One pictures him, without the slightest doubt, going on with that promiscuous airiness of grace which is his charm. It has kept him from marriage. Some instinct told him one could not make so pretty an equilibrium as he had maintained solo, into a success as a marriage. It had kept him from accomplishment. It will keep him from self-destruction, from the destruction, that is, of what there is left of him to destroy.

Latterly he has extended the field of his conquests. He has begun to travel. Every one on the steamship, from the stewards to the fashionable ladies in the Grand Salon loves him. Even when there are very prominent people aboard, he is somehow at the captain's table. He has just the chair he wishes upon deck. He is a welcome guest at country houses in Surrey and he illuminates even the illuminati upon the Anglo-American ridge above Florence. The extent and range of his charm is limited only by his income. His bachelor uncle has lately left him enough to live on. He will desert the law soon —completely, I am sure—to become the Prince Charming of the Western World.

There are those, I know, who will wish to draw a moral from David's life. They will moan a talent wasted, a character become simply a form. They will— But that is neither here nor there for me. All my comment is, God bless him and preserve him, whatever there is left to preserve. However much people may insist that the fairy who gave him his gift at birth was a very wicked fairy indeed!

Rare Books

How the Bulls Have Invaded the Market

Adam Day

Once upon a time there was a bibliophile who searched for a first edition of Horace's "Odes." Love of books was instinctive in him. He loved them all, from the old Webster's "blue-back" spelling-book right on down—or up, one would say to-day. But there was one book—just one—that he must have; it was the epitome of his life's devotion. It was the "Odes." No man, it has been said, can avoid his destiny, and this old bookman's love had not been crowned when Eugene Field's pen dropped from his hand forever.

Nothing—not life itself—is so mutable as myth. A myth may live for years—hundreds of them—and assume the proportions of the "green bay tree," wide spreading. But some day an iconoclast will lay the ax of truth to the root of it. When old Tom Carlyle wrote, on a day when his dyspepsia was troubling him overmuch: "All dies and is for a time only . . ." he thought he was writing about the French Revolution. But he was writing also about cabbages and kings—and books. And had he known that, in this Year of Grace, Barnet J. Beyer, a dealer in books, would pay $3,500 for a copy of "Sartor Resartus," he would have stressed the ironic mutability of things.

No change that has come over the world in recent years has been greater than that which has struck, literally struck, the market for rare books. In fact, the time has come when the world is divided, precisely as Gaul in the "Commentaries"—in *partes tres*. First, there are the unfortunates who know nothing and care less about books; and then, the unfortunates who love them, but like Chaucer's Clerk, have "litel gold in cofre" to buy the ones they most want, these are the true bibliophiles; and lastly, the unfortunates who have the money to buy, do buy and get a gourmand's pleasure from the strong flavor of "books and money placed for show."

Bibliophiles take books as sweethearts and wives, and they were ever polygamous. Never was there one to be satisfied with a single book, though it were a first folio of Shakspere or a Gutenberg Bible—or a Shelley's "Queen Mab," just come to take its place with things most prized by bibliophiles. He is so constituted that, though he may exercise the affectionate prerogative of speaking disrespectfully of some books, he loves all books; and, like all promiscuousness, it is expensive. Up to this aforementioned Year of Grace, he should have had his income

—if he had one—managed by some normal individual.

It stands purposely in the past tense. Even as the myth of the collector who searched for one book has been dissipated, so are the paths of the bibliophile no longer sequestered. The third division of the world, has risen to save the true-for-true bookman from himself. "But we do not like to be saved," some one has said, "lest we be deprived of the pleasure of ruining ourselves. The best among us are like Rachel, who refused to be comforted."

Some rare-book dealers may try to console him and say that things are not so bad as they seem; but this is mere talk, like that of the consolatory undertaker. They are telling him that he "must not aim so high." But it brings from the bona fide bibliophile only the cry, with Marie Bashkirtseff: "If I were a queen! I want to be Cæsar, Augustus, Marcus Aurelius, Nero, Caracalla, the Devil, the Pope!" Ambition to have and to hold many rare books is as related to his passion as was heaven to the prayers of the hermit in the desert of the Thebaid. And hope sprang eternal in his heart.

That was yesterday. To-day all is different. Like Job, that which he greatly feared has come upon him. He had a premonition of this approaching evil in 1927 when the Curle collection of Conrad was dispersed at the American Art Galleries. Then a collection of Kipling was sold and new values in this author were established. The bibliophile became alarmed. Coveted Kipling and Conrad items were available suddenly only to the wealthy. Perhaps, he tried to comfort himself, these new values were fictitious, temporary. He waited.

And now, before this year was a month old, the auction of the Jerome Kern Library at the Anderson Galleries produced all the evidence that was lacking to convince any true collector who had lucidity left, that he had lived too long. But the irony lies in that the third division, abhorred by him—though pitied in his gentler moments—has brought this evil on him. Artlessly, he wonders why these wealthy buyers should work him woe. Did he not leave them severely alone? When they intruded their distasteful practicalities, he had found it simpler to crawl into his shell and console himself with the knowledge that they had never felt the joy of possession a dear book gives; had never held a copy of Stevenson's little blue cloth "Child's Garden of Verses" against the heart and looked through the window at a small boy playing in the garden who would not come, even when most earnestly entreated.

Sentimental bosh! Misplaced pity! The third division did not need it, much less want it. It now has demonstrated this after its own fashion. It has elevated book prices to a plane far beyond the vision and the reach of the myopic, dingy, stoop-shouldered old fellow who went hungry and shirtless that he might possess the treasured volumes.

No need now for him to wear his clothes to seed or practise abstinence. Money enough for all the clothes and all the food he will ever need would not get for him a single one of such treasures as "Queen Mab," now worth $69,000; "Tom

Jones," $29,000; "Pickwick Papers," $23,000; "Burns's Poems," $23,500; "Alice's Adventures in Wonderland," $10,000; "Tristram Shandy, "$12,-500; "Gulliver's Travels," $17,000.

The list grows cruelly since the Kern sale.

Show me a bibliomaniac who has $69,000, and I will show you a man who has been so busy making money that he is unable to tell the difference between a first folio of Shakspere and a Gutenberg Bible—and both would be unintelligible to him.

"But these are star pieces," the rare-book dealer will say; "it has been a long time since the average collector could afford these, anyway."

Not so very long, after all. Mr. Kern, one-time lyric maker of Tin Pan Alley, could afford them, and it is said he paid no more than $6,000 for any book listed in his dispersal sale.

Turn to the moderns. These too have first, or rare, editions.

Stevenson's "The Pentland Rising" fetched $850 in the Kern sale, and if you buy it from a dealer to-day, he will charge you $1,250. "Treasure Island" brought $400, whereas the first one I got cost me $50 and the last copy—and it is perfect—I got for $125. A flawless copy of "Child's Garden of Verse" cost me $225 a year ago; it brought $400 at the Kern sale. Kipling's "Jungle Books," for which Drake charged me $100 two years ago, brought $400 to Mr. Kern.

And here are some other values that the Kern sale fixed: Kipling's "Echoes," $3,500; "Departmental Ditties," $900; "Plain Tales from the Hills," $500; "Under the Deodars," $5,000; "Life's Handicap," $6,250; "The City of Dreadful Night," $1,300; "The Day's Work," $3,750.

Or buy a copy of Mencken's "Ventures Into Verse," and it will cost you—if you can find it—more than a round $200 from any dealer. Or get Barrie's "Little Minister," that I got six months ago for $325. It will cost you $1,000 to-day, and the end is not yet. In six months "My Lady Nicotine" has jumped from $45 to $225, and "A Window in Thrums," that Drake sold me for $40 a year ago, to-day is priced at more than $200. Galsworthy's "The Man of Property" fetched $125 in 1905, but to-day it will cost you more than $750. Blackmore's "Lorna Doone" has jumped from $400 to $2,400. A copy of the large paper edition (vellum) of Wilde's "Happy Prince," with an inscription by Wilde, has advanced from $75 to $850 in two years; Clemens's "Tom Sawyer" from $150 to $750. Cabell's "Jurgen" cost $30 last year; it is now $75.

But Walt Whitman's "Leaves of Grass" is perhaps the most notable example of what has happened in the first-edition market. It could be had for $75 twenty years ago, was worth $200 three years ago; $800 two years ago; $1,800 a year ago. And it brought $3,600 in the Kern sale.

How did all this come about?

To the book-collector of modest means, the appreciation in value of the books that he loves is inexplicable and, paradoxically, both pleases and pains him. He is happy because of the universal recognition of the beauty and desirability of things

which he always held were the most beautiful and desirable in the world, and he is pained because he cannot possess these things which he loves above all else.

For a while he thought that this third division, the monied men who had taken up book-collecting, would soon tire of it; that they would turn from rare books, as they had turned from Manchester terriers to Pekingese and from hackneys to high-powered motor-cars. He thought he would, after a while—when he could afford it—get another copy of Walt Whitman's "Leaves of Grass" to keep the copy he got for $100 company, or another "Tamerlane" for $100 or $200 or another "Evangeline" for $100 or $125.

To-day he has been told in unmistakable terms that he never will do these things. It has been made clear that "Leaves of Grass" is going to be a $10,000 book. He has seen "Evangeline" sell for $525 in 1928, when he called it a freak bid. But he saw it fetch $1,150 in the Kern sale.

A single copy of the first edition of a number of books is now selling for more money than its author ever had in his lifetime. Take Poe. His "Murders in the Rue Morgue" sold the other day for $25,000. One of his letters brought $19,500 in the Kern sale. Doubtless Poe never knew there was that much money in the world. Or consider Burns, whose "Poems" fetched $23,500 in this same sale. Or there is the case of Lafcadio Hearn. Never in his entire life did he make in a month of labor as much money as a single copy of "Stray Leaves from Strange Literature" or "Some Chinese Ghosts" will bring at any rare-book dealer's to-day. I believe that Hearn got $50 for his translation of Gautier's "One of Cleopatra's Nights," which is less than half of what the first issue is worth to-day.

The average bookman is left shivering on the book-shop doorstep. He wonders, indeed, whether he can afford to keep the books he has; whether, if he sells them now, he ever will be able to replace them.

But the mere thought of their dispersal sets him to meditating gratefully on their virtues. They are his friends. It was never their way to question him, to scorn or nag, rebuke or ridicule him. Instead, they had comforted him when he was troubled, cheered him when he was melancholy, rejoiced with him when he was happy and, quite truly, ministered to him when he was ill. In the morning, they were glad if his rest had been unbroken. When he came home, they beamed upon him and made gracious his shelter. He laid them down "with smiles in his mind." They held readily in the hand, each one, with a caress for him that was sweet and rare beyond words. Remove this caress, comparable to nothing else, and there remains a void that is indeed an aching one. It is aching to-day.

The bookman charges the trouble that has come to him wholly to the third division, because the dwellers on the gold coast have always been an enigma to him. He has seen them grow bewilderingly rich in a few weeks or months through financial speculation. It seemed wonderful to him—and incomprehensible. Economists told him it was Inflation.

Is it not this same Inflation, now

comes his outraged query, that has entered his precious corner of books, heretofore wed to quietude, removed from all that jarred the nerves and made men mad?

Small comfort, this. Small comfort, also, to assert that they are not true book-lovers; that they buy books for exhibition, even as a piece of Chippendale or any other work of the craftsman.

The effect of this intrusion is destined to be far-reaching. The supply of first editions of Poe and Whitman—the best, from a collector's viewpoint, of all American authors—and of Barrie, Mencken, Shaw, Kipling, Stevenson, Wilde, Hearn, Galsworthy, Cabell, Beerbohm, Masefield, Clemens, Bret Harte and some others was limited, of course, from the start. Sales like those of Kern and Curle; of Huth and Hoe; of the McCutcheon collection of Stevenson and the Kipling collection at the American Art Galleries last year are becoming more and more infrequent.

To-day, men of wealth who collect libraries build them as memorials to themselves—mausoleums, in fact. The Morgan, the Huntington, the Clark in California, the John Carter Brown at Brown University, the Chapin at Williams College, the Wren, which was given to the University of Texas, are such collections. The fact that Mr. Chapin was once mayor of Brooklyn will be forgotten, no doubt, but the Chapin library will endure.

Of course, once a book enters a memorial library, a university library, or any other endowed institution, as is happening more and more frequently, it is "good-by, vain world." It is in the graveyard of books and is lost forever to collectors. It is as dead as that hapless bibliophile, the object of whose lifelong search was Horace's immortal volume.

It is, however, a dark and dismal night that has no star, and—God be praised—there are few such nights.

The stock speculator who has thrust himself into the book-collecting game has done considerable harm, but he is paying for it in big round dollars. His ignorance of books and of the fact that no dealer who loves his rare books has other than a mercenary feeling for him—however polite he may be—has brought the dealer into golden days and led the hobby-horseman into expensive fields. However, he may keep, since he has it, his "Queen Mab," that cost him more than $69,000; his "Murders in the Rue Morgue" at $25,000; his illegible page of Dr. Johnson's "Dictionary" at $11,000; his Poe letter at $19,500; his autograph manuscript of Pope's "Essay on Man" at $29,000; his Byron manuscript of "Marino Faliero" at $27,000; his "A Pair of Blue Eyes" in Hardy's script at $34,000; his eighty pages of Lamb's manuscript for "Hone's Table Book" at $47,000; his twenty-two autograph lines of Keats' "I Stood Tiptoe upon a Little Hill" at $17,000. To these costly treasures he is welcome, for there remain entrancing and seductive fields of literature, fair "with scent of thyme and sight of lilac," of which he has no knowledge and their disclosure, of course, would be unthinkable betrayal.

Suffice it that far from the din of

auction-rooms and record values, the true bookman still may cross alone that "pale frontier of twilight" beyond the fields the new collectors know. He may stroll through the enchanted woods with *Alveric* and out upon the emerald glory of the *Elf King's* lawns, where *Lirazel* walks dazzling in her beauty. He may ride with *David Harum* to visit his horse-trading deacon. He may lean against an old rail fence in Virginia and learn of the love of *Marse Chan* and *Miss Anne*. He may hear *Jules*, passing with *Parson Jone'* through the old Vieux Carré of the most charming of cities, naïvely remark to the Florida preacher: "For you it would be a sin, *mais* for me it is only 'abit." He may join in the vagabondia, to which he has often wished himself abandoned, and relish *Paragot's* tale of the love-lorn pig, *Nepomucene*. He may sit with M. Bonnard and the pampered Hamilcar; and he may rejoice in this gentle old man, whose love for books made him one of the Immortals, and journey with him through a life well-spent in bringing happiness to those he loves, and, finally, repeat devoutly after him the Nunc Dimittis. He may enter even into the Iron Tower itself and stand invisible witness to the King of Witchland's dreadful conjuring.

He may not have the means to possess St. Cuthbert's Gospels, which Aethelwold bound in gold and set with precious stones, and Bilfrid, the hermit, illuminated with beautiful paintings of the Evangelists and a tessellated cross. But he may have books that are to the heart as the driftwood blaze to chilled hands; books that are more human, more of us, more with us than are "Queen Mab" or Samuel Johnson's "Dictionary," and that will travel peacefully and lovingly down the years with him.

If his "Rubáiyát" is not in the original paper covers, it may reasonably be a Bruce Rogers's, which for sheer beauty surpasses the first. It will, moreover, include old Omar's quatrain:

"That which I am, I am, O Lord, by thy decree;
An hundred years in ease thy grace hath fostered me;
An hundred more I fain would sin, so I might see
Whether's the more, my sin or thine indulgency."

that is *not* in the first.

Lemaître said, "Let us love the books which please us!" "Miles and miles of may" stretch out before this bookman, wide as the world. It is the evil times that keep some books from him, for it was not always so.

"In the days when men still went after whales" there lived a collector whose name was Richard de Bury. He was the father of all bibliomaniacs, this simple Benedictine monk. Because of his learning and his love of books, Edward III honored him as he honored no other of his servants. In turn, he was the King's Lord Treasurer, Lord Chancellor and Ambassador to foreign Princes. And when the lords and knights learned that Richard favored books and manuscripts above gold, they sent these things to him.

"Crazy quartos and tottering folios, precious in our sight as in our affections, flowed in most rapidly

from the great and small, instead of new year's gifts and remunerations and instead of jewels," he writes. "And among these we sat down voluptuously."

That fondness for books he has transmitted to his descendants. But they are tormented by envies and jealousies, enthusiasms and deep dejections, desires and greed that old Monk Richard never knew. For the things he most prized and most desired, the things that came to him free out of hand are to be had to-day only through sacrifice, and probably not then.

But what is sacrifice to a bibliophile?—Here is his prayer:

" . . . if, O Lord, it pleaseth Thee
To keep me in temptation's way,
I humbly ask that I may be
Most notably beset to-day.
Let my temptation be a book,
Which I shall purchase, hold and keep,
Whereon, when other men shall look,
They'll wail to know I got it cheap."

SUNLIGHT, AND A LONG BRIGHT WIND

GRACE NOLL CROWELL

Sunlight, and a long bright wind,
The shadows running black on the grass,
The low clouds race, and the ruffled wings
Of blown birds lift and pass.

Out of nowhere the long wind comes,
And who can say where at last it goes?
And where does a shadow have an end?
There is never a soul who knows.

I am one with the long bright wind,
And I am a blown bird lifting high,
And I am the shadow, swift and dark,
That races across the sky.

Out of nowhere we each have come,
And where, and when, and how shall we go—
The wind, and the blowing bird, and I,
And the shadows—who can know?

Table Talk

Humor is rarely connected with record-breaking of any sort, but it was subtly present at the making of a new non-stop flying record by R. L. Robbins, a former auto mechanic, and James Kelley, an ex-cowboy, at Fort Worth, Texas. Climbing into a second-hand plane which had already traveled fifty thousand miles, and which Pilot Robbins would not permit to be reconditioned for the record-breaking flight, the two civilians casually hopped off and spent 172 consecutive hours in the air. They might have stayed up indefinitely if the tired old plane hadn't literally worn out and collapsed under the strain of such an unexpected drubbing. Robbins had never taken a flying lesson in his life, and until six weeks before the flight Kelley had ridden nothing else but bucking bronchos. When one recalls that the previous record of 150 hours was made with a three-motored plane, specially tested and constructed, manned by veteran officers with all the resources of the U. S. Army behind them—the off-hand performance of Messrs. Kelley and Robbins, civilians, takes on a humorous tinge. It recalls somehow, the feat of another civilian, one C. A. Lindbergh, who showed the way across the Atlantic to a hugely scientific tri-motored Navy plane, laden with many famous devices and persons. No hard feelings of course, but most of us, being merely civilians, take a sly pleasure in chuckling quietly when the boys in mufti take the lead for a time.

"Ophthalmia neonatarum," commonly and disastrously known as "babies' sore eyes" and the single greatest cause of human blindness, is now sixty-eight per cent less frequent than it was twenty years ago. And the prevention of blindness from this and other causes has attained the dignity of an international movement, sponsored by the National Society for the Prevention of Blindness, in coöperation with four hundred other agencies, including the American Red Cross. The fourteenth report of the Society is one of the most socially encouraging documents that has recently come to our attention. The unostentatious vigor of its program, the amazing results it has secured—chiefly because it is willing to coöperate with any responsible agency—and the scope of its future plans, make it a model of public health organizations.

In outlining an educational campaign in coöperation with the American Federation of Labor—a campaign that will directly influence the families of five million working men and women—Lewis H. Carris, Director of the Society, attributes the success of the anti-blindness movement to its harmonious relationships with scores of local and national agencies. "We realize," he says, "that the gospel of prevention of blindness must actually permeate the

atmosphere in order that the citizen, the parent, the teacher, the doctor, the nurse, the illuminating engineer, the safety engineer, the worker and the employee all take their responsibility to prevent blindness and save sight." By founding its anti-blindness campaign on such broad and representative bases it seems highly probable that the Society will ultimately banish one of the gravest afflictions of mankind.

THE decade between 1930 and 1940 will witness a new phase of ocean-liner construction and ocean travel, a chapter in which the United States will probably play a rôle of increased, if not major importance. Five nations—England, France, Germany, Italy and the United States—are entering a period of maritime rivalry, in which each nation is preparing to out-distance in size and speed the greatest vessels now afloat. A new generation of super-liners threatens to thrust the old favorites—the *Mauretania*, the *Majestic* and other noble ships of pre-war construction—into second place. The White Star Line has already laid the keel of the *Oceanic*, the first 1000-foot liner, thereby surpassing the new 928-foot ships *Bremen* and *Europa* of the North German Lloyd. But the Cunard Line is planning two vessels even larger than the *Oceanic*, super-liners of eighty thousand tons, steam-driven monsters of special double-bottom construction, capable of performing twenty-eight knots. Italy and France are preparing to enter new competitors on the ocean lanes; the former nation has as its objective a six-day crossing from Naples to New York, while France is attempting to outdo in luxury and appointments the three great French liners already in service.

Where then, does the United States expect to enter the competition? Have we taken even the preliminary steps in planning new keels, proportionate in size to the *Leviathan* (formerly the *Vaterland*) the only American liner that can compare with European ships? Happily, we have. When Paul W. Chapman recently purchased the United States Lines for sixteen million dollars, he pledged himself to build seven new vessels, two of which were to be super-liners, superior in speed, length and tonnage to anything afloat. These vessels are to cost approximately thirty million dollars each, the government loaning the necessary money to the shipbuilders at the lowest possible rate of interest. It is expected that they will be American built, and that the building will be begun prior to January 1, 1930. Five other ships of moderate speed and tonnage are also to be built, according to the agreement.

The five-cornered race for new business, which is destined to show tremendous acceleration in the near future, will find United States shipping in a healthier condition than ever before.

IN THE passing of T. A. Dorgan, affectionately known to millions of newspaper readers as Tad, America lost its greatest non-political cartoonist and its most fertile inventor of slang. Tad owned two extraordinary talents: he could suggest comedy with a graphic twist of his pen, and he had a positive genius for coining words and expressions that immediately became an integral part of our vernacular. It would be no exaggeration to state that ten per cent of our modern slang was Tad's invention. Dumb-bell, apple-sauce, cake-eater, hard-boiled, drug-store cowboy, nickel-nurser, the cat's meow, "Officer, call a cop," "Let him up, he's all cut," "for crying out loud" and "Yes, we have no Bananas," dripped directly from his pen into the speech of ten million Americans. He was the creator of *Silk Hat Harry* and *Judge Rumhauser*, Indoor Sports and Daffydils. His vivid pictorial representation of great athletic events, especially the high peaks of boxing history, made him a sport-page favorite for the last twenty-five years. Like *Mr. Dooley*, George Ade and Abe Martin, he was a homely American philosopher, a genial corrective influence on our life and times. No one can take Tad's place on the comic page; his niche in the history of American humor is permanent and high.

"SOLDIER BONUS PLAN A FAILURE" runs a frequent headline, followed by a column of gloomy statistics and sage comment on the rather dubious direction the Adjusted Compensation Plan is taking. The statistics always demonstrate that the holders of the Adjusted Compensation certificates are borrowing money on them, while the sage commentators always deplore this tendency and urge the certificate holders to wait twenty years until they can cash in on the face value of their bond.

We are not concerned here with the wisdom or unwisdom of the five billion dollar adjusted compensation act. The fact that its passage was delayed until six years after the war ended, and was twice vetoed by Calvin Coolidge, might possibly indicate that it was something in the nature of a compromise, and not the most direct or admirable means of solving the ex-soldier problem. Actually, it gave to three and one-half million men certificates averaging one thousand dollars in value, *redeemable at the end of twenty years*. There was also a provision that the holder might begin to borrow, at the expiration of three years, on the face value of his certificate. What is the result? As the gloomy statisticians show us, nearly one third the face value of the five billion dollar bonus has already been borrowed by impecunious ex-service men, who neglect to pay the interest, and who, when the twenty years expires, will find themselves without an equity in their bonus.

We are surprised that any one is surprised by this state of

affairs. If the writers of the editorials could hear the ex-service men grumbling at a law that forces them to wait twenty years for their bonus, they might not be so ready to deplore the paltry loans that the ex-soldiers make from time to time on their certificates. Few of us will wait twenty years for anything, when we can get a piece of it on the spot. Paid outright, the bonus would have enabled many men to launch themselves in business, or make an initial payment on a home. But no. In their devious wisdom, legislators tied up the money for half the remaining years of a soldier's life. And now, commentators are surprised that the ex-service men reach out for a pitiful dribble of cash, rarely more than a hundred dollars at a time—barely enough to pay a month's rent or buy a winter overcoat. Maybe the legislators are not to blame; certainly no one will blame the ex-soldiers. For after spending a number of years in their childish company, I have learned that a leaf will cling to its tree all winter, sooner than an ex-service man will allow a penny of government money to remain in the bank. Let the statisticians remember this simple human fact before they draw up any more lugubrious tables.

THE vacation season, now at its peak, eloquently proclaims the vast quantities of leisure consumed by our people. Some twenty million travelers and vacationists are spending billions of hours in leisurous relaxation or active enjoyment of new scenes; they wear varied and expensive fabrics, ride in automobiles, yachts and airplanes, eat plenty of the best food, and lounge on cool club verandas. In short they make huge drafts on their own, and on the nation's, wealth—and apparently no harm comes of it!

This is indeed the wonder of modern wonders, that a country can prosper on consumption. It is a puzzling state of affairs, and one that our economic text-books fail to account for. The main conclusion, derived from the spectacle of so many people enjoying life in idleness, seems to be that the United States has reached that enviable economic position in which its potential "demanding power" is in excess of its actual producing power. Leisure and the accoutrements of leisure—travel, books, holiday-making—are the measure of that excess. And still the Industrial Revolution has not yet run its course. What miracles of leisure and surplus wealth can we not hope for, when the number of year-round vacationists mounts to an even greater percentage of our population!

The Old Soldiers

Survivors of 1865—So Like to One Another, So Different from Other People

Elizabeth Corbett

With a certain rhythm in the recollection, because from one year to another it differed so little in details—with the aloofness of a dream, yet with the vividness it always wore for the eyes of an eager child, it comes back to me now. Decoration Day. What silly piece of pedantry ever tried to substitute the word "Memorial"? At the Soldiers' Home we knew it as Decoration Day.

Over the hill, out of sight of the buildings, lay the cemetery. A tall granite shaft in a clear space where men could be drawn up, surrounded by rows and rows of graves with uniform headstones—the man's name cut on each, and his company and regiment in the Civil War. Exclusively a soldiers' cemetery.

Over the hill the procession came presently: the band ahead, and the officers, and the firing squad with muskets reversed. Then the hundreds of old soldiers, drawn up according to their companies in the Home: rank after rank of blue uniforms and brass buttons. Row after row of unsmiling old faces, eyes turned rigidly ahead.

Only twice a year did the old soldiers turn out in formation: for Decoration Day and for an annual inspection. Their army days lay many years behind. But how they marched! Not as civilians march, raggedly and haltingly. Not as cadets march, smartly and mechanically. But with the long swinging step they had learned in an army that marched its twenty and thirty miles a day. As the marching columns breasted the hill, filled the hollow beyond, took the last ascent toward the granite shaft and the flags at half-mast—this was not a day of mourning, nor even of commemoration. It struck a high note of pride. We whom the young world passes by—here we come, shoulder to shoulder again, marching, marching.

The next day the city papers carried solemn articles about the thinning blue line, the dwindling ranks, and how soon the survivors must join their comrades over the hill.

The old soldiers, smoking their pipes around the band-stand, read those articles. Their comment was short and sharp. Naturally they resented the invitation to go off and die. But they also resented the cheap pathos of the thinning blue line and the comrades over the hill. Self-pity was not among their vices.

They ran so true to type that they

formed a separate genus: the genus "old soldier." There were exceptions, to be sure. There were cultured old gentlemen left alone in the world. On the other hand there were misanthropes who had chosen this way of burying themselves. But mostly an old soldier was recognizably just an old soldier.

They were of stalwart American stock to begin with: Yankees with some admixture of Irish and German immigrants. Culturally they were the product of the little red schoolhouse. Most of them could read and write, and that was about all. They went into the army from farms and small towns. Service in the ranks leveled them; leveled some of them up, to be sure. They were good soldiers: the consistent costly success of the Union arms during the first two years of the Civil War was the result of bad generalship, not of bad fighting material. Having made them into soldiers for the duration of the war, at its close we finished the job by making them old soldiers.

Persons in authority did better by the veterans of the World War. Every effort was made to get them back into civil life: special training was given or compensation was paid, anything that would insure their return to the everyday world unless they were in need of actual hospital care. The restlessness and disillusionment that follow a great war are bitter in the experience. But World War veterans lived through it, and lived it down.

At the close of the Civil War, Persons in Authority began to build Soldiers' Homes. Philanthropic individuals helped, and charitable ladies organized bazaars. Eventually almost every Northern State had a State Soldiers' Home, and the National Government had nine. The National Home where I was brought up had a capacity of twenty-four hundred men. During most of the years when my father was Treasurer there, the Home was full; and when we left, after the outbreak of the World War, it was still housing about two thousand old men.

The idea in the first place was to take care of soldiers "disabled" in the Civil War. But as the men grew older the requirement of disablement was less strictly enforced. Perhaps too it became evident that there is more than one kind of disablement.

Persons in Authority may have been building their political fences. The "old soldier vote" solidified amazingly after the Civil War. Five or six Presidents of the United States were elected on their war records, and virtually every officer of importance in the Union army came home and ran for Congress. The phenomenon is amazing in the eyes of a generation that didn't even elect its Commander-in-Chief to civil office. The Commander-in-Chief indeed was so thoroughly a product of his age that he didn't want to run.

Persons in Authority, too, were moved by the sentimentality so characteristic of the second half of the last century. "You saved your country. A grateful country ought to take care of you," was the attitude toward the Civil War veterans. World War survivors were not overwhelmed with gratitude and apparently didn't desire to be. When they came back from the World War their attitude was, "Forget it and let us forget it."

But neither politics nor sentiment can do more than deviate at a bend the stream of human affairs. Its general course is determined by deeper causes. Civil War veterans were generally institutionalized, and World War veterans generally were not, for reasons more fundamental than the way the National Government chose to spend its money.

World War veterans came back from the war changed men. But they came into a world essentially unchanged, except for the doubtful addition of prohibition. Civil War veterans were even more changed, and they came back into a world which was reshaping itself totally, and on lines foreign to their experience. Agricultural America was being succeeded by industrial America. The age of the machine was on. Old trades perished overnight. What had been advantages under the old order became drawbacks under the new.

Moreover the army had caught them young. The average age of the Union soldiers at the close of the war was only twenty-two. The statistical average, even if it were not raised by the greater age of the officers, does not tell the whole story. Many of the privates of '65 were actually not out of their teens. Most of them had served long enlistments. At a glance it would seem that their youth was in their favor when it came to a question of readjustment. But they had been too early uprooted, and the roots too long exposed to the air. Replanting would not have succeeded, even if there had been a stronger urge to replant.

So we had that fine forcing-bed of a type, the Soldiers' Home. I happened to be brought up in one. We had our own house, which stood primly in the middle of its own lawn and hedges; but as a child I had the run of the Home grounds. Our Home was situated near Milwaukee, Wisconsin. It covered about four hundred acres and was a little world in itself.

It was a very sightly world. The rolling wooded Wisconsin country had been "improved" into the prettiness of a Victorian lithograph. Artificial ponds hedged with willows bore on their placid and slightly stagnant bosoms pairs of swans, flocks of tame ducks, gayly painted rowboats. Lawns green and smooth as a golf-course were broken by large circular beds of "ornamental foliage plants," rising in the center to castor-oil bushes. A good sized conservatory stood just beyond a flower-garden laid out in blossoming plants and neat gravel paths.

In an open grove of oaks was a stand where on summer afternoons the brass band maintained by the Home gave concerts for such old soldiers as would deign to listen, and for leisurely ladies who drove out from the city in their surreys and victorias. We had a pretty and very practical little theater, with an appalling stained-glass window of General Grant on horseback. The artist, smitten by one of those brilliant improvisations that stained-glass designers should never give way to, had left the face blank, with the idea that the sun would shine through it and turn it to flesh color. But I never once caught the sun coming through it at the proper angle—if indeed there was such an angle; and the poor old General turned on posterity the face of a masked bandit.

There was a brick and stone library, with an atmosphere of reading about it that I have never seen duplicated anywhere else. Twin to it was a "social hall," with billiard and card rooms. The hospital was so picturesque I always suspected it must violate every elemental principle of hospital architecture. Company barracks, scattered in five or six different places about the grounds, ran to neatness and uniformity inside, but were masked by shrubbery and richly clad in Virginia creeper and wild grape-vines.

Sitting, standing, strolling and smoking, against this luxuriant landscape, were the old soldiers, so like one to another, and so different from other people. The first thing an outsider always noticed was how numerous they were, and how hale and hearty they looked. The care that was taken of them in the Home probably prolonged their lives a good many years, and they were of sturdy stock to begin with. Old Jim Carroll, who took care of our lawn, worked for us until he was eighty-four; yet he never wore an overcoat even on the coldest day of a Wisconsin winter. He always smoked a short-stemmed clay pipe upside down, and he swept the grass with a broom because a rake didn't give the velvety finish that was the delight of his heart.

The second thing a visitor to the Grounds noticed was that although there were hundreds of them in sight, each individual old soldier kept as much as possible to himself. One would amble along a path, while another ambled five feet behind him; but the second never caught up and the first never waited for him. When they assembled in the theater for a performance they never occupied adjoining seats until all the singles were gone. Once in a while you would find two old soldiers who were chums. When they were, it was a heartening sight. But it was very uncommon.

Sometimes a new member of the Home, hailing usually from a small-town G. A. R., would announce that he had come here "to be with the boys." The "boys" made short work of that illusion. Yet odd as it looked to the eyes of strangers, this isolation was a sensible sort of self-defense. If they had actually got started talking to each other, there was nothing ever to stop them.

When they could get an outsider to listen, he found himself in the position of the *Ancient Mariner's* select audience of one—an old soldier is next-of-kin to an old sailor. What they told at such length I can conjecture, but I shall never know. The old soldiers never told me any stories, war or other than war. Of course as I grew up, I grew inside the convention, intellectually indefensible but socially useful, which drew a sharp line between officers' families and members of the Home, like the line drawn in an army-post between officers and privates. But as a child I was protected from their yarns because they all knew me. I belonged. Their understanding with each other applied to me also.

If they didn't chum much with each other, they very seldom quarreled. They seldom infringed on one another's property or convenience. And he who broke the law of the tribe heard from the tribe. In the theater, for instance, a single mur-

mur of conversation brought from surrounding seats a request to—well, "Shut up" was the expression they used. This was regardless of whether they liked the show. If they were pleased they were a most enthusiastic audience. They liked a funny show best, especially a funny show with girls in it. If they didn't care for the show, they simply walked out. They had paid nothing to get in and they had no very pressing engagement outside. But they never used the expression "kill time" and I don't believe they ever got the idea.

The major divisions of the old soldiers' day were arranged for them. The Home was organized along military lines, partly for the sake of convenience, partly to make the men feel that they were still soldiers, not inmates of an institution. The men were arranged by companies, each under an old-soldier captain. They had "detail" and "extra duty"—and, alack! "guard house" and "dump." A cannon was fired at sunrise and sundown: at the exact moment of fire a dozen flags in various parts of the grounds fluttered to the tops of their staffs, or sank and were caught without touching the ground. A bugle call roused the old soldiers in the morning, and they were bugled to mess. At nine every night "Tattoo" sounded a bedtime warning, followed half an hour later by that mellowest and most beautiful of bugle calls, "Taps."

Reveille was at six. It sounds like cruelty to old men to bugle them out of bed at six in the morning so that they could do nothing all day. But they belonged to an early rising generation: in fact it was necessary to make rules that restless individuals shouldn't get up before six and disturb the peace of the barracks. And they would have hotly resented any insinuation that they did nothing all day. The worst thing they could say about an unpopular veteran was that he "didn't do nothing but wait for meals."

Many of them got employment about the Grounds: in the carpenter and paint shops, the various offices, the kitchens and dining-rooms; about the gardens or stables, or on our own police force. Some of them worked for the officers: those were privileged jobs, for they meant quarters by themselves in officers' houses. The hours on all these jobs were short, and the pace slow. The pay was correspondingly small. It amounted usually to about a third of what a man received as his Government pension; and as all expenses were taken care of, the pension was clear spending-money.

But a job of any kind allowed a man to feel busy. Moreover it gave him a certain position and importance. If he became a fixture, the name of his job was attached to his own. Charley the Painter and Charley the Boatman and Charley the Barn Boss had proper surnames only when it came to signing the pay-roll. Nicknames of any kind had a tendency to cling and to supersede ordinary names. Forepaugh Bill had once worked in a circus; although he drove for an officer's family for years, he was "William" to the ladies of the family, but simply "Forepaugh" to his comrades. And although Buttermilk Bill passed the plate in church, we never found out what his last name was until his dreary little

widow showed up to claim his effects.

The men who were not regularly employed had all sorts of devices to get through the day. Morning and afternoon they could go for their mail; many of the most assiduous devotees of the Post Office didn't get a letter twice a year. The reading-room at the library was always full, and it was never necessary to post signs requesting silence.

The librarian, whom we distinguished among his brethren by calling him "Mr." Phelps, was a real old bookman, who slept in his library and finally died there. By a system of his own he kept track of some fifteen thousand volumes and could always lay his hand on anything. I remember his telling with a twinkle in his old eyes about one veteran who roused his suspicions by being too steady a customer. The librarian selected six books for which there was no demand, issued them one after another to this old soldier, and when the sixth was returned began again on the first. He kept up this trick until he tired of it, without ever being detected. The old soldier in question never even looked at the titles. Drawing a new book every day gave him something to do.

But many of the old soldiers were consistent readers. When they liked a book they came back for another by the same author. When they didn't like it, they noted their comments on the margin. The librarian was always erasing their brief profanity. I have known him to replace damaged books out of his own pocket rather than get one of his customers into trouble. The old soldiers preferred fiction, especially contemporary fiction. I used to draw Bulwer-Lytton and Charles Reade and Wilkie Collins from their dusty retirement. The old men demanded a nice modern story in a bright new binding.

Solitaire was a great resource. I remember once interrupting a chess-game that was to decide whether Cook or Peary discovered the North Pole. Billiards had its devotees. The best player in the Home was Harry Allen, who had lost his right arm in the war and always used a bridge for his shots. He played a wonderfully even and exact game.

I remember one old soldier who wrote an epic, complete in twenty-four cantos, with supernatural machinery, and an "Argument" at the beginning of each canto, and every other earmark of the Miltonic epic. It was all carefully printed with a fine pen on sheets of foolscap; and although as a poem it may have been somewhat indigestible, it was a beautiful piece of handicraft.

Another veteran had invented a cure for leprosy, and claimed a Government award. He didn't get the award, but he wrote a book about his cure, and another book about the Government when it didn't give him the prize money, and a whole series of prospectuses. I doubt if any academic scientist ever had half as much real fun out of a discovery.

Many of the old men "whittled" for amusement. They belonged to a whittling generation, and their cleverness with the jack-knife may have been helped by long hours of practice in army camps or Confederate prisons. Out of peach-pits and acorns they made little baskets. Give them

a nice piece of wood and they could turn you out a spoon or a fork, a folding hat-rack or a bootjack; and if it was a present they carved your name on it in relief. One of them made me a very serviceable toy boat with twelve strokes of his jack-knife. Their whittling was a real handicraft.

One of the whittlers went so far as to fashion a dugout canoe from a tree that blew down in a storm. Making dugouts, however, requires a delicate balance. Launched in the midst of the swans, this canoe promptly rolled over, with the artist inside. The governor of the Home barred the canoe from the pond, for fear the old man's devotion to it would end in his being drowned. Of course he was known as "Canoe Tom" from that day on.

Canoe Tom worked around the theater. Perhaps a dozen times a winter, professional troupes were hired to give the old soldiers a show. Very good troupes some of them were: the Government always paid promptly and in cash. One of the plays was a fine old costume drama, "Paul Kauvar." At the climax of the play the hero is maneuvered into a situation where it will be death to reveal his identity, but honor requires that he must. Being the hero, he does. He mounts two steps at the back of the stage, turns to face the audience, throws wide his arms so that his lace ruffles droop gracefully over his hands, and announces to the world, "My name is Paul Kauvar."

Just as *Paul* defied dishonor, Canoe Tom elected to cross the stage behind the back drop. Unfortunately he got confused and crossed in front instead. Brilliant in the red flannel shirt which was his improvement over the Home uniform, he stalked through; and *Paul Kauvar's* big speech was lost in the resulting clamor. What the actor's feelings were I hate to imagine. But the big scene brought down the house.

The old men dearly loved a joke. They didn't snicker at things that set out to be funny; they laughed from their diaphragms when something struck home. Their idea of a good joke was a joke on a person, and preferably a joke that involved the loss of that person's dignity. Their sense of humor, indeed, as their fondness for nicknames would indicate, was exactly an undergraduate's sense of humor. With the slang altered, an old soldier's jokes would have gone well at any college in the country.

Next to a joke, the thing they liked best was a kick. Before my father was connected with the Home, he and another man, a Mr. Smith, were out there one day visiting the governor. Mr. Smith was struck, as visitors always were, by the complete arrangements for the old men's comfort and happiness. "It seems to me," he said, "that they can't have a single thing to complain of."

The Governor of the Home grinned. "Nothing to complain of? Just stop one of them and ask him."

The Governor fell back out of earshot. My father accompanied Mr. Smith, who selected an intelligent-looking veteran and approached him. "They take good care of you here, don't they?"

"Yes, they do," said the old soldier.

"Food and everything good?"

"Fine."

"Nice hospital when you're sick? Band and shows and library and billiard-room when you're well?"

"Yes. All first class, too," the old soldier conceded.

Mr. Smith swelled with elation at proving his point. "Then I suppose you have nothing to complain of?"

"Well," said the veteran, tilting his McClellan cap over one eye, "these damn caps they make us wear are making my hair thin all across the back."

The old soldiers were fond of the girls. Any woman reporter who came out to the Grounds to get a "story" always got at least one proposal, in which the old soldier commonly mentioned the amount of his pension, and contrived to ring in that he wasn't as old as she thought: he had run away from home, and joined the army as a drummer-boy.

To a girl in her twenties, such a proposal was the height of the ridiculous. But give the old boys credit. It was always marriage that they proposed. They might be tedious, but they were not vicious. Take for example their swearing. They God-damned everything with the greatest indiscriminateness. Many is the time I have had my mouth washed out with soap and water for using the words I learned from the old soldiers. But I had to associate with New York intellectuals in order to learn that there are other and worse swear-words. I suspect now that the old soldiers knew them. But they wouldn't use them in front of a little girl.

Indeed the men had but few faults, most of them simply annoying. They tied open the screen door when they put in the ice. They varnished themselves into a far corner of the room. They put a new battery on the door bell and exhausted it trying the bell. Requested to nail a shelf three feet from the floor, they mounted a step-ladder and nailed it three feet from the ceiling.

My mother, who kept house despite their assistance, was not fond of old soldiers as a class. On the other hand my father was devoted to them. He could hardly have escaped being; they were fanatically loyal to him. Understanding and generosity always fetched them; but any taint of insincerity or suggestion of "side" was detected at once, and damned an officer forever.

Aside from their talent for pulling up the young plants and letting the weeds flourish, their one real vice was their drinking. Many of them had learned it in the army. During the Civil War whisky was the one anesthetic. Often it was the only medicine available. Too often it was handy when food was not.

In the days of the Home canteen, however, drunkenness among the men was rare. The canteen was right on the Grounds and sold beer only. It was the one place where the old men actually hobnobbed with one another. But in a wave of reform sentiment it was decided that it was dreadful for the Government to "profit" by the sale of alcohol to old soldiers. The profit from the sale of beer went into the Post Fund, which paid for shows, bought new music for the band, and kept up the billiard and card parlors, which were free to the men. Nevertheless the canteen was taken away from us by law and we never got it back. You can fight whisky with beer, but you can't fight it with the threat of punishment—

and we punished pretty lightly when those old men transgressed.

When they went outside the Grounds to drink, they didn't drink beer. They were poisoned with bad whisky; their money was stolen; they made spectacles of themselves in front of horrified visitors. Authority had to take their unlimited passes away from them. Sometimes it had to send them into the hospital, blinded by wood-alcohol. Again and again we had to listen to their shamed apologies after a debauch. There is something terribly humiliating about an old man with an appetite that he is ashamed of. But the dive-keepers reaped a rich reward after "Big Pension Day," and the reformers were happy.

A mistaken sentimentality had done its worst for the old men, in small things as in great. They were required to live out their lives on the strength of their past. They were professional veterans. Yet there was nothing of the parasite in their character. They got their living by being old soldiers. But in their own point of view there was a stubborn independence. Above all things they resented any attempt to shove them into the past.

In spite of the good care taken of them, they spent their old age in loneliness. Yet they were not discontented. They were not bored. They clung with relish to the remnant of their days. The very thought that their lives must end was the one thought they would not face. Funerals at the Home were well worth seeing: full brass band, firing squad, flag draped caisson, three volleys over the grave, "taps." But in order to insure any guests at the funerals, the Home management always had to detail an escort from the dead man's company.

All this was not mere revulsion against death. It was largely a simple appetite for life. They were simple men and luck had been largely against them. Some of them cashed in pretty liberally on their sacrifice for their country's cause. "Old So-and-so was settin' on the fence waitin' for 'em to get the Home built" was a favorite form of taunt among them. But with most of them, the war survived only as a day when they had lived gloriously and tellingly. They harked back to that far-off day in order to nominate themselves for glory, to be sure. But their harking back helped them to carry on a great tradition.

This spring the rumor got around in a persistent form. I heard it first at a dinner-party in New York, then I read it in the newspapers. This year's National Encampment of the Grand Army of the Republic would be the last.

After all, it is sixty-four years since the Civil War ended. But when I read that rumor it brought before my eyes the stories of the "thinning blue ranks" that always filled a column after Decoration Day. Had the old men changed so since I knew them? Had their old stubborn spirit yielded at the last ditch?

I called up the office of the G. A. R. "Who says so?" demanded an indignant old voice. "There's a few of us young fellows left yet."

With positive relief I demanded, "So long as there are any of you left, are you going to keep on having Encampments?"

"I understand," said the Spirit of '65, "when there's only one of us left he'll be the procession. He'll march up Riverside Drive all by himself."

I wouldn't put it past him to do exactly that. The last survivor, if he can stand at all, will probably start as scheduled. It wouldn't surprise me a bit if he got to the end of the Drive. An old soldier's bragging is his shelter from disillusion and decay; yet it is, too, a promise to himself.

Our generation went through another great war, and asks only to be allowed to forget it. We may see something slightly ridiculous in the Civil War soldier's stubborn stand against extinction. But it has in it more than a hint of the tears of things: that they should make such a point of persisting even now, when persistence is so useless and so pitiful.

And through the mixed fabric of that stubborn final stand runs the scarlet thread of a fine dauntlessness. When he leaves us, the last survivor will take with him the memory of a generation cruder than ours, and stancher. I for one am sorry to see it go.

A Lesson in Love

From the Greek Anthology

Roselle Mercier Montgomery

Galatea flouted me,
  Turned me from her door,
Flinging scornful words at me—
  I departed, sore,
Vowing I would not return
  For a year, or more.

Who says scorn will vanquish love?
  Galatea's scorning
Drove me from her door last night—
  I was back this morning!

TATTLE-TALE

The Witness Follows the Victim

INEZ HAYNES IRWIN

DR. SIMEON ADDINGTON started suddenly; cast an oblique look over his shoulder; then pushed his chair from the desk.

Some men, he reflected, would not like to be alone after midnight in the room in which the murder had been committed. But he was not conscious of the faintest sensation of nervousness. In fact, until this moment, it had not occurred to him to think intensively of the year-old tragedy. That was strange too, for all about him—on the big, flat-topped mahogany desk at which he sat, and on various auxiliary tables —lay piles of Matthew Warder's papers. Another man, every time he came across Warder's clear small signature, might have thought to himself, "Only a year ago . . . and on this very spot . . . you were mysteriously done to death!" On the other hand when Richard—the police finished with it—had the room done over, he changed the whole connotation of the place. At any rate, after the initial remembrance of that tragic event, which came naturally enough as he crossed the threshold, Dr. Addington had plunged into the documents; had forgotten everything else.

"I wonder what brought it up in my mind!" he questioned inwardly.

And then in another instant, he knew. The sound, which he had only subconsciously heard, repeated itself. Now of course he consciously heard it. The parrot had uttered a faint, throaty sigh. Dr. Addington had forgotten that Polly was in the room. Yet all the evening she had perched—brilliant golden head under brilliant crimson and yellow wing—on her tall wooden stand in the corner.

Dr. Addington looked nervously back over his shoulder at the door. Yes, it was securely closed. On the other side of the door slept his big mastiff, Dono. He couldn't let Dono into the room, because between Dono and Polly lay a vast gulf, filled with murderous hatred. And yet he must bring the dog. For since Matthew Warder's violent death—at the hands of a person or persons unknown—Dr. Addington had never ventured out after dark without his stoutest stick and Dono. Involuntarily his eye sought his stick. Yes, there it was, within easy reach, leaning against the desk.

It was going to be a much bigger job than Dr. Addington suspected—writing the life of Matthew Warder. Already it had proved a lucrative one. Richard Warder, Matthew Warder's heir, the adopted son of

his only sister, had offered Dr. Addington a generous sum to do the biography, had already paid him a liberal advance. It was true that it was going to take more time than Dr. Addington had expected; Warder had a great many more interests than he had imagined. With all his joviality, Warder was a modest beggar! Even Richard hadn't known that his uncle had endowed this museum of art and that museum of natural history; that he had financed expeditions into Africa and the Gobi desert; that archeological collections all over the world were the richer for his contributions. Moreover, the man certainly was a reader—one glance at his big, packed library had shown Addington that.

But for another reason, it wasn't going to be half so easy as Richard Warder thought. Dr. Addington had never really liked Matthew Warder. Warder wasn't his kind of man. Warder's very physique disgusted . . . Well, perhaps that was too strong a word . . . no, it wasn't too strong . . . Warder *disgusted* him.

Dr. Addington felt a reminiscent wave of that intolerable disgust curdle his system. He arose and began to pace up and down the room.

Yes . . . disgusting—that fattish, pot-bellied figure—that fattish, good-natured face—those fattish moist eyes . . . all marks of good living. . . . And Warder *had* been a good liver. His cook, his wines—another reminiscent wave ran through Dr. Addington; but this time it was of acute appreciation.

His pacing back and forth had brought him to the two long French windows which, at the back of the room, looked on the river. Dr. Addington stopped. His gaze went out into the moonlit night; stayed there as, mentally, he traced the path the murderer must have taken. Physically, Dr. Addington was everything that he had criticized Matthew Warder for not being; tall, slender, cold; aristocratic in line and feature. Perhaps he was a little too sharp. Certainly his eyes were. One might have fancied that their edged gaze, glancing down his nose, had shaved it to that too-fine point. He might indeed have been a figurine of middle age, chipped with a cunning perfectitude out of flint.

How cleverly the whole thing had been planned, he reflected. The assassin had followed the first rule for murder—he had killed Warder with a weapon found on the spot. He had beaten his victim's head in with a war-club, snatched from a collection of savage weapons—all, by the way, very fine specimens—which hung on the wall. He must have worn rubber gloves; for there were finger-prints nowhere. He must have escaped through the window, for that was found open. He must have worn cloth wrappings over his shoes, for he left no foot-print in the brief dash over the lawn and . . . well, it must have been into the river. And if it had been into the river for eternity, he could not have dropped more completely out of sight. What became of him was an unsolvable enigma. And what the motive was . . . as unsolvable as the crime itself.

While the murder was committed, the servants slept peacefully on the top floor. Richard, his adopted nephew, according to the best of

testimony, slept peacefully in New York, a hundred miles away. Seidel, Richard's valet, slept peacefully in the little dressing-room out of Richard's room. Admirable servant Seidel—Dr. Addington interjected into his meditations—so astute and adroit; so velvet-footed and tight-lipped. If he ever left Richard's employ . . . but of course Richard knew the value of so perfect a man.

Richard Warder had offered an enormous reward for the capture of his uncle's murderer. There had been the usual number of false trails and futile arrests. The puzzle of the whole thing was the lack of motive. Warder was a kind man and generous—with all the social instincts. He was extremely popular in the neighborhood. His servants liked him. If they could have proved robbery. . . . But apparently nothing was touched in the room or in the house itself. True, a rumor had flown about the neighborhood that, just before his death, Matthew Warder had made a new will. But no such document was found. An old will left the entire estate to Richard.

Dr. Addington had been horribly disappointed in that will. He had always expected—why, looking back at this instant, he could not guess . . . certainly Warder had never promised anything—that Warder would leave a generous fund to Titemere University, of which Dr. Addington was a fanatical alumnus and a trustee. Now, looking back, Dr. Addington realized that he had never really expected this, only hoped against hope. Warder's ideas of education were very different from his. Warder favored the sleazy modern school, with its exaggeratedly loose elective system; whereas Dr. Addington's educational policy was as tight and adamantine as—well as Dr. Addington, himself.

Yes, the will had been a horrible disappointment. And then had come Richard's generosity. Richard had written, "I am sure that if my uncle made a later will, he left something to Titemere. I should feel very much at odds with my conscience if I did not make that up as soon as the estate is settled. I intend to contribute . . ." The amount had taken Addington's breath away. Addington hoped with all his heart that that later will—if there were one—would never materialize.

Again that throaty bubbling.

Dr. Addington started and stirred. Polly was wide awake. She cocked her golden head away from Dr. Addington and surveyed him cynically with a single, sinister yellow eye. Dr. Addington profoundly disliked Polly; he disliked all parrots. But at this moment a swift jerk of thought completely obliterated his prejudice. *Polly must have witnessed the murder!* Warder had owned Polly for twenty years. It was his boast that she was not only a wonderful mimic, but that she picked up phrases quicker than any parrot he had ever known. He always kept Polly in the room with him.

Of course Polly witnessed the murder. He recalled now reading in the newspapers that all the time Polly, chained as usual to her tall high perch, stood in her corner! The strange obtuseness of animals, Dr. Addington reflected. The horse grazes serenely while his master is murdered. The cat gazes serenely while the child burns to death. And

here had sat Polly, serenely watching that ruffian bash her master's head to a pulp! All alike, except the dog. Dr. Addington's slow, cold blood warmed a little as he thought of the watchful Dono asleep in the hall.

The big old clock struck twelve solemn notes.

Dr. Addington stretched his arms above his head and yawned, showing every one of his sharp white teeth. He wondered whether he would accept Richard's invitation to stay the night or walk home with Dono. Nice fellow—Richard. Leaving him alone with the papers; permitting him to come, unprejudiced, to his own conclusions.

Richard had done a good job too in redecorating the room. Warder had had mahogany furniture . . . a heavy green leather paper. Too ponderous of course . . . yet it had had a certain Egyptian quality. How Richard had lightened it! The landscape paper gayly peopled the big spaces. The exquisite Chinese Chippendale gave it spirited color.

He believed he'd stay the night. He yawned again. Polly turned her head in the opposite direction. But she continued to survey Dr. Addington with the other sinister yellow eye.

"If you could only speak!" Dr. Addington apostrophized her mentally.

And time to go to bed, Dr. Addington reflected. Examining papers was a fatiguing operation. He turned toward the door, and then, half way, he stopped . . . stopped short, paralyzed . . .

Polly had spoken . . . was speaking . . . was speaking horribly . . .

"Oh, Richard!" she exclaimed in anguished surprise. Then, "Richard . . . Richard . . . Richard . . . Richard . . ." Her voice became a groan, running down to a moan which finally quavered into nothingness.

Something inside Dr. Addington's brain blew up. It seemed unbearable, that explosion; yet it was miraculously without noise. For a few instants, nothing in his mind was stable. Like knives thrown by a madman, thoughts darted, this way and that; stabbed into his consciousness; stabbed out. . . . A long time he did not stir. He scarcely breathed. He stood rooted. Even his edged eye, fixed on Polly, went dead. There floated through his mind these words from Richard's letter, "I intend to contribute—"

And then suddenly he moved; but moved mechanically as one motivated from without. He seized the big stick leaning against Matthew Warder's desk and advanced on the corner where Polly sat. Standing at arm's length, he quietly—very quietly—overturned Polly's perch; he quietly—very quietly—supported it until it fell to the carpet.

Delighted with her three feet of freedom, Polly hopped to the end of her chain.

Dr. Addington walked to the door and opened it. As he passed through the doorway, Dono rushed in. Addington's firm fingers found the outside electric button which shrouded the room in darkness. He heard Dono's swift rush. He heard Polly's desperate flutter. Then came a succession of frightened squawks. Gradually they died away in a moan that was almost human.

With steady footsteps, Dr. Addington walked upstairs.

What Makes Teachers Cranky

For They're Not, After All, Superhuman

One of Them

No more pencils, no more books,
No more cranky teachers' looks.

Who wrote this jingle, on what last day of school, in what far western little red school-house or far eastern million-dollar junior high school, matters little. It is a spontaneous expression, "out of the mouths of babes and sucklings." It is the law of the fourth-grade Medes and of the junior high school Persians. It is truth and gospel. We must accept it as fact because it is the consensus of opinion of millions of honest and truthful children. Accepting it, we must search for the causes of the crankiness.

This writer, after serving the schools in numerous capacities for the past twenty years, submits that the causes of the teacher's crankiness are two: the emphasis on school building and the emphasis on school organization. Out of the first emphasis grow public debt, aristocratic ideals in a democracy and the economic subjection of the teacher. Our orgy of building exhausts school revenues and economies are practised against the only department that is defenseless against them, namely the teaching department. Out of the second grow the same three evils plus the thousand petty irritations to which the teacher is subject and which lead to lines of care, a dowdy old age and chronic dyspepsia.

The school building in which I teach cost nearly two million dollars. It is one of several ultra modern and ultra expensive school buildings in our city. It is one of thousands of too expensive school buildings throughout the United States. It has tiled floors and vaulted arches. Its auditorium would seat a fair-sized national convention. Its playground could accommodate the maneuvers of a regiment. By day and by night it is a thing of beauty, for by day its gilded dome gleams in the sun and by night its minarets and spires blaze in the light of four hungry reflectors, each large enough to guide the weary mail-pilot to his hangar. The school district thus fattens its vanity and its electric bills. Service clubs have mistaken the symbol for the thing and they point with pride to the superiority of our schools, thinking only of our resplendent dome and of our marble halls. They compare our buildings with "the little red school-house" at their luncheons and win applause. They prate of the willingness of the little feet—no longer like snails—that patter through the halls, when they are really thinking of the tile

on which the little feet patter, or scuffle, as the case may be. They think of the wonderful instruction that these children are getting, little dreaming that the children are spending their time in the auditorium, working up mob spirit, learning half-baked college yells and whipping themselves full of "pep" with which to encourage the gladiators of Webster High School to beat the gladiators from Longfellow High School. The luncheon-club speakers wax eloquent over the debt of the American public to the patient teacher, little realizing how impatient that teacher is over the fact that she is required to serve in the composite capacity of bookkeeper, "pep" inspirer, banking adviser, vocational guide, ticket-seller, collector for charities, amateur psychologist, custodian of pens, pencils and moral traits of pupils, and chaperon for dances, hikes, playground flirtations and length of underclothing.

The luncheon-club speakers are not presumed to know that there is little relation between search-lights and educative practices. They have not considered great Lincoln, "pondering God's justice by a tallow dip." They have forgotten, if they ever knew, that Edison had no auditorium in which to practise high school yells. Perhaps they feel that Burbank might have plucked "figs from thistles" if he had been allowed to kick a soccer football around a five-acre school playground. They do not realize that Garfield was quite literal when he said, "Mark Hopkins on one end of a log and I on the other constitutes a university." They do not know what some of us know, that thought is inspired by the clash of mind on mind; that mental curiosity is not aroused by the selections of the school band, but by the introduction of the young mentality to more advanced mentalities that have thought things through, always laboriously, frequently in pain and travail of spirit, and far too often with no other reward than the satisfaction of having thought straight. Persons of overweight frequently wish to reduce without the necessary dieting and exercise; almost in the same category are our thoughtless boosters who ask us to educate our children without mental dieting and exercise. In their zeal for numbers, in their craze for larger enrollments than neighboring cities can boast, these service orators have overlooked the fact that, though compulsory school laws will fill the schools with children, gilded domes no matter how resplendent, marble halls however spacious, and Venetian windows, be they ever so effulgent, will not make them think.

We find frequent accounts of what is happening to schools throughout the country because of this orgy of building. For instance, the "Dearborn Independent" in the fall of 1927 carried an interesting story about what has been happening in the State of Ohio. Here and there the school day and the school term were shortened, bus transportation was discontinued, the number of teachers to a school was reduced, salaries were lowered and school equipment was curtailed, all because of the increases in bonded indebtedness of school districts. One case cited was extreme and interesting. A community grew envious of

the fine school building of its rival community. A finer building was put up. When the chickens were all counted it was found that the interest on school bonds and the exigencies of the legal sinking fund for the retirement of bonds would exhaust the entire school revenue. Nothing was left over for the operation of the schools. This school-board was in much the same situation as that of the young swain who was "all dressed up with no place to go." This, of course, was a case of innocent stupidity rather than of calculating cupidity. Perhaps it is not vital to have an adequate course of study, enough pencils and paper to go around, a nine-months' school term and a corps of teachers that are properly fed, warmly housed, neatly dressed and self-respecting, so long as the town chamber of commerce can point with pride to the building; but unless teachers can hold up their heads, work with some authority and at least have a chance to work toward an independent old age, uncoddled by promises of pensions and unvitiated by tenure protections, they are not likely to be a very vital force in the lives of children who do not fail to see the incongruity of their run-down heels shuffling across the gleaming tile floors.

It is futile to contend that we waste more money a year on chewing-gum than we spend on public education; for even if this entire sum could be used for educational purposes, the schools would still be no better so long as increased revenues go into buildings, playgrounds, fancy trimmings for curriculums, and research departments that hunt basilisks and mares' nests. Extravagance of this sort is particularly noticeable in school administration. The experience of one town will illustrate. In 1919, a large western city was paying nineteen thousand dollars a year for administration. Six years later this same city, which had experienced very little growth in school population, was paying approximately seventy thousand dollars for the same function. In 1919 one superintendent and one assistant superintendent were running the schools to which the chamber of commerce was pointing with aggressive pride. Six years later eight assistant superintendents were getting in each other's way, addressing the clubs of the city and playing that relatively new game of "selling the schools" to the people.

Walk past a typical high-school building such as I have described. Choose any hour of the day that you prefer. The broad demesne of this establishment is filled with the fleeting forms of children. The welkin rings with their shouts. The school band is discording a cheap march. Boys in decorated B. V. D.'s are batting balls, throwing balls, kicking balls and running races. Others, in khaki and brass buttons are shouldering guns, beating drums and blowing bugles. On the other side of the grounds the girls are doing much the same thing. Later, when the pupils are called for an algebra class, the boys will be wearing more clothes and the girls less. Walk close to the building. Greasy boys are applying wrenches to auto frames. Others are hammering the tops of cooky-boxes. Still others are running buzz-saws while yet more are feeding a

hungry printing-press with good white paper that will soon whirl out covered with juvenile wise-cracks. Across from the tin-shop a group is practising for a pageant, another is being coached for a play, another is learning a folk-dance for assembly and still another is scraping violins, blatting on cornets and hammering kettle drums, preparing the musical program for the next "pep" meeting that is to inspire the gladiators of Webster in their struggle with Longfellow. In the library, the executive committee of the Webster Parent Teachers' Association is meeting to determine whether to put on a carnival or a minstrel-show to raise money for a new stage curtain. The library is closed to the few earnest students who have mistakenly believed that it is a place for books and study. It is necessary for Webster to have a new stage curtain because Longfellow has one and Whittier is about to get one. Incidentally, the parent teachers' association is organized and organizations have to have something to do.

Perhaps this is all as it should be. Possibly the extra curricular activities are the only activities worth having; but if they are why not be consistent and take the Latin and the geometry and the ancient history and the French verbs and the English pronouns out of their way. If the experts have proved their case completely let us pay adequate salaries to "pep" inspirers and coaches. Let us fit up our tin-shops so that students can learn to make a gutter or a cornice instead of a cooky-box. Let us turn out real cornetists and fast hundred yard dash men. Even though American civilization has advanced tolerably well under the old diet of Euclid and Cicero let us no longer try to hold the obsolete Latin teacher to her obsolete Latin under the handicap of bodies that are heated by an hour of basket-ball and minds that are inflamed over the possibility of disgrace through a defeat at the hands of Longfellow High School. The two will not mix. Latin and basket-shooting are mutual style crampers. Either abolish algebra or give the algebra teacher twenty—not forty—boys and girls who can come into a quiet room, in a composed state of mind, and then give her authority to impress on them that if they desire a high-school diploma they will have to learn to twist the tails of a few problems in factoring and that if they do not do it they need not appeal to the principal, who takes his orders from the merchant on the school-board, who owes money to the banker whose son loves basket-ball and hates factoring. We cannot cling to all of the old and still accommodate all of the new. Teachers have neither the time nor the capacity to do what is asked of them. We must choose between show and study. What are we to mean by the three R's in the future? Readin', Ritin' and Rithmetic, or Rah! Rah! Rah!

The beauty of milkmaids is largely mythical; the inflexibility of the Indian's devotion to his friend will not bear too close a scrutiny; the fidelity of a dog to his master is true—of some dogs. Likewise the proverbial short day of the teacher has become a pretty story—nothing more. My orders demand my presence in the school-room at seven thirty in the

morning. My pupils file in at seven fifty-five. At the last stroke of eight they are marked tardy and it follows that I must be there to do the marking. I teach until five minutes before noon. On paper, I am allowed thirty minutes for lunch, but as my room is some distance from the cafeteria the time shrinks accordingly. From twelve twenty-five until five minutes of one I am in charge of guidance work for thirty-five boys. Perhaps they are not bad boys, but they are boys. From one o'clock until five minutes to three I am engaged in the class-room. One fifty-five minute period in the day is free from class-work, but my instructions stipulate that it is to be used for academic purposes. If this free period comes first in the day I cannot sleep later in the morning and if it comes the last thing in the afternoon I cannot go home earlier. My orders tell me to stay in my room until three-thirty, so that I may consult with pupils or parents. This gives me a day that is seven hours and thirty-five minutes long.

But this is not all of the time that I am obliged to give to my employers. We have a monthly teachers' meeting in our building which lasts for an hour and a half. Occasionally the principal calls a special meeting. The parent teachers' association meetings come almost monthly and last from one to three hours. The superintendent has meetings for the entire system two or three times a year and I do not collect "overtime" for my trips to the designated meeting-places nor can I collect for the time that I spend in the meetings. I must listen to parents, not only to the helpful information that they can give me, but also to their elaborations of the peculiarities that cropped out in their children when they were three years old. I am willing to give extra help to earnest students and as these things are a part of my job I am not complaining. I am merely stating that the teacher does not have a short day.

When a stenographer covers her typewriter for the night she can powder her nose and go home. When the shoe clerk puts the last box on the shelf he can forget shoes until to-morrow. When a teacher goes to her room in Mrs. Grundy's sister's boarding-house she carries a thick batch of test papers or compositions with her. It is often necessary to carry textbooks home; sometimes a book of plays, for the program committee has notified her that she is to have charge of the assembly program one month hence. She must determine the appropriateness of the play to-night for to-morrow night she is to attend a meeting of the P. T. A. and the following night she is to chaperon a social affair that the juniors are staging for the seniors in the school gymnasium. Two nights from now she simply *must* get in some study for her extension class. A low mark from the college professor will not look well on her personnel report and the personnel committee, another of her numerous "bosses," holds her financial advancement in the hollow of its hand. Soon, she reasons, she must find time to call on the parents of some of her pupils. The mothers of the failures do not attend parent teachers' meetings and some of them fail largely because of lack of home coöperation.

"But," chorus the stenographer

and the shoe clerk, "she has Saturdays off." She *used* to have Saturdays off. Now she attends Saturday classes at a near-by university. For half or all of the forenoon she sits in classes and is the pupil. The school she is attending says that she may have four semester hours of credit if she will attend classes for four hours on Saturdays for half a year.

In some systems, an avaricious school superintendent imposes extension work, which he directs himself, on the teachers. The colleges of the State, usually ambitious for large enrollments, appoint superintendents to resident instructorships. The fees that the schools charge vary but they are usually in the neighborhood of eight or ten dollars per unit of credit. The school takes one third or one fourth of the money and the superintendent-instructor pockets the rest. If the superintendent is a "high-power" salesman he sells the courses to the teachers. If he is not a salesman he can hint at displeasure because of lack of "professional attitude." If he is "solid" with his board of education he can secure a ruling making attendance on his Saturday classes compulsory. This method has added many an inch to the wheel-base length of administrative automobiles and has even been known to purchase tickets to Cuba. The work offered is usually pretty slender, but a credit is a credit and a teacher's increases in salary and sometimes even the renewal of her certificate to teach, depend upon the number of these hours that she can amass. The superintendent gets the money and the school gets a "henchman" to help out in the legislative program.

Even now the stenographer and the shoe clerk are not convinced that a teacher has to work for her living. "Think," they cry, "of the long summer vacation." The summer vacation has vanished along with the proverbial pulchritude of the milkmaid. Those who wish to hold their positions are to be found in summer schools. Compare, if you will, the winter and summer attendance of the average large normal school, college or university. It will be seen that many of the three quarters of a million school-teachers are not swinging in hammocks and reading French novels. True, not all of them are to be found in summer schools. A visit to a large teachers' agency in the month of August will be enlightening to the average stenographer. She will wonder how so many teachers can possibly be out of positions and she will marvel still more when she discovers that many of these August birds of passage have been striving for a place all summer long.

Assuming that the foregoing paragraphs at least cast some doubt on the tradition of the short day, the short week and the short year of the teacher, let us examine a day of teaching. I would not indict the intelligence of my readers by insisting that all of the interruptions I shall enumerate are likely to occur in one day. I do insist that all of them can occur in one day, that many of them do occur on many days and that we teachers are never free from the threat of any of them.

This morning, after calling the roll, recording my absences in my

record-book and transferring them to the office-slips that require four entries a slip, I started in to "develop" a lesson on the causes that led up to the discovery of America. At five minutes after eight my telephone rang and I was asked to send a boy to the office. The pupils followed him with their eyes, speculating as to the possible relation between his fight on the playground and his summons. There are grins on the faces of his cohorts and Columbus wastes a day in the court of Genoa. Order is restored and the broken thread is taken up. At eight minutes after eight a tardy pupil strays in. A correction must be made in the roll-book and a corrected slip is sent to the office. At eight eleven the psychological department sends for a pupil who is thought to be strong enough for special promotion. Another mental test is to be given to check against the one that was given during the first week of school. At eight thirteen a note comes from the office, permitting another boy to go to a nearby grade school clinic to get a "shot" of toxin-antitoxin. At eight fifteen the library demands the presence of another pupil to answer a charge concerning the mutilation of a textbook. There is quiet until eight-twenty and Columbus has grounds for the revival of his hopes. At eight twenty-one I receive a bulletin. This bulletin states that the guidance program for the previous week is to be continued for the present week. I do not know what the guidance program for the previous week was but I lay the bulletin aside because I know that I can rob my lunch period of five minutes to find out. At eight twenty-five a monitor brings me a student bank-book that has been misplaced and which belongs to one of my home-room boys. Columbus cools his heels in Isabella's antechamber while I unlock a drawer and place the bank-book in it. Before eight thirty another tardy pupil presents himself. At eight thirty-five an upper-classman enters, bearing in his hand an order from the office permitting him to make an announcement concerning a football game. At eight forty the dramatics teacher requests the presence of three pupils who are in the caste of a pageant that is soon to be presented in the auditorium. Columbus twiddles his thumbs before the sarcastic courtiers of Ferdinand. At eight forty-two the fire-alarm sounds. We grab the American flag and rush out of the building. At forty-six we are back in our places, a little breathless perhaps, but still game for more diversions. At forty-eight a messenger brings me my home-room allotment of school papers for the week. My pupils ejaculate, some inwardly, some outwardly, "Oh boy! The 'Tiger' is out to-day!" At eight fifty the school attendance officer demands another boy. All this time, those who have left for minor reasons have been filing back into the room. They are not invisible and they are not noiseless and it is difficult for adults, to say nothing of children, to rivet their attention on abstractions so heavily sprinkled with distractions. Columbus gives up in despair. We do not determine what the love of spice had to do with the discovery of America. Had Ferdinand's court been conducted upon the lines of the modern

junior high school, it is doubtful if Columbus would have left Palos. Whatever the junior high school may have added to the lives of adolescent children it has certainly added no time to their school work. Teachers know about these distractions. Superintendents, long removed from class-room procedure, either cannot realize what they mean or they sacrifice results for show.

Besides these momentary class-room interruptions throughout the day, there is a background of vague worries—things that must be done sooner or later. There are the bulletins, many of them, and many calling for answers to questions often not very lucid. There are elaborate blanks to fill, giving information for the school psychologist about the pupils and other blanks to file giving information about the teacher. These all take time. Not only is precious time being wasted but precious nerves are being frayed. In sheer self-defense, teachers are obliged to react against administrative encroachments of arm-chair pseudo-specialists and their only defense is to take orders lightly and to administer them in a "get-by" spirit.

If I have planned my work for a week it is no small matter to have to abandon that plan. My work is mapped out for five classes for five days. On Wednesday I receive a bulletin advising me that there will be general assembly on Thursday and that I am to drop the fourth period. I can crowd the work of three days into two or I can take the easier course, forget about the third day and try to enjoy the half-trained presentation in the auditorium. Back of this jig-saw scramble of "enriched curriculum" stands a bugaboo that causes worry to many a teacher. This is the course of study. The experts will not let it alone. It changes from year to year and even from month to month. The seasoned teacher comes to take its minimum and maximum requirements rather lightly, but to the unsophisticated college graduate it is "plague, pestilence, famine, battle, murder and sudden death." The graduate does not realize that the expert who devised it is merely a Ph.D. who has been out of contact with children for many years. She does not always know that he devises impossible courses of study and writes plausible texts for money and for money only. She tries to carry out the course of study until some kindly motherly soul says to her, "Ease up a bit, my dear. Next year a different expert will devise for us a different course of study."

Perhaps every item listed above is a triviality, but a swarm of gnats can craze a buffalo. One boil causes our friends to smile, but a multitude of boils once vexed the gentle soul of history's paragon of patience.

The Poor Wise Man

Hugh A. Studdert Kennedy

In the Book of the Prophets may be found this record:

> *There was a little city, and few men within it; and there came a great king against it, and besieged it, and built great bulwarks against it:*
> *Now there was found in it a poor wise man, and he by his wisdom delivered the city; yet no man remembered that same poor man.*

Many times had I read this record, and pondered over it. For, in the Book of the Prophets, is to be found no more concerning the matter than is here set forth.

Chiefly did I want to know concerning the poor wise man, what manner of man he was, and what was the nature of the wisdom through which he brought about so great a deliverance,

But no man remembered.

Howbeit, it chanced one evening, as I wandered farther than ever before among the hills, I came upon an ancient man seated on a great rock, under a tree, watching his sheep.

To this man, after some little brotherly speech, I put my questions concerning the little city and the great king and the poor wise man and his wisdom.

Unlike all those that had gone before he was able to answer. "Yes," he said, "I knew him well."

And so he told me concerning the matter; how the name of the little city was Here, and the name of the great king was There, and the name of the poor wise man was Neither Here nor There.

Now, it would appear that Master Neither Here nor There was a man of but sorry repute in the city. He was not a man of valor, and it was even reported that he turned away his face and covered his eyes as he passed the place where the goats were slain.

Moreover, he was often observed to go out of his way to give a handful of grass to an ox by the wayside or a drink of water to a pariah dog.

And men were wont to laugh at him, and children to make sport of him.

When, therefore, the city of Here was sore pressed by the great King of There it was small wonder that the citizens were much astonished to observe one evening, at the going down of the sun, Master Neither Here nor There coming down from his house into the market-place.

Now, they were themselves sore afraid by reason of the great bulwarks built against them by the King of There, so they were not so ready with mockery as in times past.

Yet, after a moment did one cry out, "Art coming to lead us to victory, O Master Neither Here nor There?" "All hail," said another, "to the new leader." "Here," said a third, "is a horse and a sword, a helm and a coat of mail."

And so, the people being now roused to merriment, they took him by force and set him on horseback with a sword in his hand.

As he sat there with his head bowed, one cried, saying, "Not afraid surely? Not afraid, surely, O Leader?"

Then did a strange thing happen. Master Neither Here nor There lifted up his countenance and, as he did so, there was a great silence. The like of it had never been seen before; for, as they looked upon him, it was as though they looked upon the face of an angel. And so he spoke—

"Yes," he said, "I am afraid, sore afraid, O men of the city of Here. But you have named me leader and I will lead. Let us go without the city wall and meet the great King of There and all his men, face to face, and what shall be shall be."

And so, the story goes, they followed him, and when they had reached the walls and before the gates had been opened, he turned and spoke to them again,

"O men," he cried, "of the City of Here. Long time have you harbored within your borders hatred, lust, cruelty and all uncleanness, for in them ye thought ye found the Kingdom of Heaven; and now there has come upon you from out the city of There, men of your own brood, only more cruel and more unclean, and have built bulwarks against you.

"There is only one way of escape. It is the way ye have heard of old time, but would not heed, for the Kingdom of Heaven is neither Here nor There for behold the Kingdom of Heaven is within you."

With that they opened the gates of the city and went forth. And behold there was nothing without, save only an ox grazing by the wayside, and a pariah dog drinking from a pool of water.

The Turkish Republic

A New Bridge on Which Orient and Occident May Meet

Agaoglu Ahmet

Turkey before the World War, in spite of its title of Empire and its relatively large size, had neither political independence nor any actual influence in the world. Externally, she was subject to the Capitulations (agreements whereby resident foreign communities managed their own fiscal and legal affairs) and did not enjoy the privileges of an independent state. Her finances were subject to the surveillance of two powerful organizations, the Ottoman Public Debt Commission and the Ottoman Bank. Her judiciary was supervised by foreign councils and the Ottoman courts did not possess the right to judge foreigners in Turkey. Her custom-houses were not free to manage foreign trade; she could impose duties only within prescribed limits. And, in the construction of means for transportation, she was constrained by restrictions controlled by foreign interests.

Internally, the absolute theocratic régime which had bound her for centuries by imposing on the country the foolish expenditures of the capricious Sultans and their households, contributed nothing to the progress of the country, and the government, fearing exposure, suppressed thought and speech. Exactions and force on the one hand, insurrections and revolts, especially among non-Mussulman subjects, on the other, were the usual results of this deplorable situation; and as each such revolt served as a pretext for the intervention of foreign powers, the Sultanate régime continually brought upon the country greater enfeeblement and frequently dismemberment.

All this created for Turkey an inferior, subordinate position among the nations of the world. The Sublime Porte sought safety in the rivalry of the powers by playing them off against each other and in attempting to gain the good-will first of one and then of another at the cost of concessions very disadvantageous to the country.

Abdul-Hamid, the Sultan, was afraid of his own shadow, illiterate and ignorant. Nevertheless, his position as Calif and religious leader of the Moslems served one purpose. It enabled him to keep his Mussulman subjects in ignorance and to resist liberal reforms agitated by the enlightened classes, by working upon the prejudices and superstitions of the backward elements; thus further contributing stagnation and deterioration to the country. One can easily understand how in this condition

Turkey could not play its rôle either in the Orient or the Occident.

The Revolution of 1908 put an end to this deplorable state of affairs. It established in Turkey a constitutional régime. A new order, liberal and enlightened, was to place Turkey in the family of civilized nations, and to develop the country intellectually and economically; Mussulman and Christian elements were to be consolidated, and following the example of the United States, assimilation was to be encouraged.

But, unfortunately, the European powers did not look upon this revolution with the sympathy and goodwill expected. The ancient Empire of the Hapsburgs sought to profit by the occasion by seizing two Ottoman provinces, Bosnia and Herzegovina. The Russian Czar roused the Balkan peoples, and Italy invaded Tripoli. The natural reaction to the following four years of foreign wars was to make necessary a suppression of various reactionary movements.

Then came the World War. It was disastrous for Turkey. The Armistice of Moudros placed her at the mercy of the powers. She was disarmed, and her leading statesmen were seized and led as prisoners to Malta. Constantinople, Smyrna, Adana and Antalia were occupied by the Allies and a Greek army of three hundred thousand men invaded Anatolia. The country was dismembered—Arabia, Syria, Iraq and Rumelia were torn away.

The Treaty of Sèvres concluded with the Sultan-Calif, whom the Allies retained and dominated at Constantinople, not only countenanced these acts, but in addition proposed that Turkey be partitioned into three zones of influence under England, France and Italy. These arbitrary acts, as well as the Treaty of Sèvres, were absolutely contrary to the spirit and the letter of President Wilson's "Fourteen Points." It was because Turkey had believed in the reality of Wilson's principles that she had laid down her arms and delivered herself to the Allies. It is necessary to remember that, although Turkey took part in the World War, there had never been a declaration of war between her and the United States. This situation inspired Turkey with absolute faith in the validity of Wilson's Fourteen Points.

But when Turkey found its hopes destroyed, when it realized that instead of being allowed to enjoy an honorable peace it was to be vivisected, it girded itself anew, and soon a movement of resistance broke out all over the country. Suddenly there appeared a leader, Mustafa Kemal Pasha, who placed himself at the head of the movement. The heroic struggle for national independence which was to last four years had begun. Representatives from revolting sections met in conference at Sèvres on September 4, 1919. They decided to force the convocation of the National Assembly at Constantinople, and to formulate the basis for the celebrated National Pact which was to define the purpose of the struggle. This famous document outlined as follows the demands of the Congress of Sèvres: First, the establishment of a state, absolutely independent and free from all sorts of capitulations, with sovereign rights equal to those of other autonomous powers. Second, the ethnologi-

cal limits of the Turkish people were to serve as geographical boundaries of the state.

In the situation in which Turkey found herself, these demands appeared audacious and ridiculous. When Germany and Austria-Hungary, with all their technical and cultural resources, were placing themselves without conditions at the mercy of the victors, such demands on the part of a poor country—ruined, disarmed, dismembered, torn by internal dissension, occupied to a great extent by non-Turks—appeared to be the product of an exalted and disordered imagination. The Allies responded to the proclamation by the occupation of Constantinople, by the dissolution of the National Assembly, by the imprisonment of many of the leaders of the defense movement and by sending a Greek army into Smyrna. At the same time, they concluded with the Sultan-Calif the Treaty of Sèvres, August 10, 1920, which countenanced all these arbitrary acts and condemned Turkey to be reduced to several servile provinces.

But those who were struggling for independence did not despair. Their chief, Mustafa Kemal, with extraordinary energy and efficiency, organized an army with which to establish a new Turkish state. He appealed to the people at the elections, and a new chamber was convoked at Angora on October 23, 1920, under the name of the Grand National Assembly. The first work of this Assembly was the transfer of sovereignty to itself and the organization of a government and a revolutionary tribunal to carry on a forced resistance against the invaders.

The first years of the conflict were hard and unfortunate. Men from eighteen to sixty years of age were in the trenches; women, aged men and children carried on their backs munitions and provisions for the soldiers. During the first period of the struggle, we were forced to retreat, ceding the land step by step. At last, the reorganization of the army was completed; we could attempt an offensive. The great battle of August 26, 1922, four years after the commencement of the conflict, found us near Kara-Hissar and Doumlou-Pinar. A Greek army of three hundred thousand men was completely destroyed. In seven days our soldiers covered a distance of six hundred kilometers (approximately 373 miles) and on September 9th we were already at Smyrna and under the walls of Constantinople.

Lloyd George then tried to organize a new combination of powers against us. He called a meeting of statesmen from France and Italy. Those two powers refused to participate in a new war against Turkey. Public opinion in England arrayed itself against Lloyd George and he was forced to enter into negotiations with Turkey at Moudania, and to consent to the entrance of Turkish armies into Constantinople and Thrace.

Thus, after four years of struggle, ended the glorious fight for independence. The Treaty of Lausanne concluded with the great powers, safe-guarded the results gained by assuring the two principles which had inspired the struggle, and which had been proclaimed by the National

Pact of 1919, that is to say—the reconstitution of the Turkish state within ethnological limits, and the liberation of this state from all capitulations, with the recognition of its absolute equality with all other modern independent powers.

The Turkish people were profoundly indignant at the conduct of the dynasty during this period and the National Assembly on October 30, 1922 decided, therefore, to separate the Califate from the Sultanate and definitely to abolish the Sultanate, thus putting an end to the absolutist theocratic régime which had survived six centuries and which had led the country to the brink of ruin. The Califate was conferred on the heir presumptive of the fallen Sultan. He was prohibited from any participation in political or civil affairs; but in less than a year his political ambitions were causing dissension to break out anew and the National Assembly caused the Califate to be abolished, the office of "Presidency of Religious Affairs" being created in the Cabinet of the Republic.

The Assembly later nullified that part of the first article of the Turkish Constitution which proclaimed Islam to be the official religion of the Republic, thus leaving the citizens of the Turkish Republic free to believe in and to profess whatever religion they wished.

But the National Assembly by no means stopped there. It needed to finish its work of reform and the secularization of the state by other measures involving the problem of women, the family, law, and social legislation in general. During the theocratic régime, Turkish life bore the imprint of religion; one breathed in an atmosphere of religion and religious tradition. That was primarily responsible for keeping Turkey in a backward state, by preventing her from exposing herself to the influences of modern civilization.

The liberty of women was now proclaimed; polygamy and the custom of divorce at the mere desire and word of the husband, was abolished. Civil marriage was instituted; women's veils were banned; public coeducation was organized for all grades of schools; the Swiss Civil Code, the Italian Penal Code and the German Commercial Code were adapted to the requirements of the new state, and more recently an alphabet of Latin characters has been substituted for the Arabic script.

These reforms have transformed the government and social life of Turkey from top to bottom, and the Turkish Republic finds itself in a unique position in the world, looking, as it does, over one shoulder at the Orient, over the other, at the Occident. To the Orient, Turkey has given a demonstration of will-power and energy. She has broken the ice of fatalism which weighed so heavily upon Oriental peoples and condemned them to stagnation. She has proved by her example that an Oriental people, inspired by the spirit of sacrifice and denial, is capable of supreme patriotic achievements for the love of liberty and independence.

She has accomplished in so short a period as ten years not only the miracle of a political and military resurrection, but also the complete

transformation of life, from changes in the status of women and the family to modifications in the form of government, civil and criminal law, and intellectual outlook. Turkey has become an example for the entire Orient. Already all the Mohammedan countries are following to some extent Turkey's lead. Persia, Afghanistan, Arabia, Egypt and Morocco are imitating her.

The new Turkey has become the moral and intellectual guide for the peoples of the Orient; her prestige and influence among them has become real and effective. To-day an actual and strong influence is awakening among the Eastern peoples—sentiments of dignity and honor, liberty and progress and a profound admiration for Western civilization. And it may be said that Turkey has become the honored agent of civilization in the Orient, serving as the link between the Occident and the Orient, and contributing effectively to the establishment of human solidarity. She has broken down walls of hostility and isolation that have so long separated the East from the West, and which have prevented the interchange of ideas, caused much misunderstanding and brought on numerous wars. Turkey has become the bridge on which Orient and Occident may meet, with their community of institutions, laws and conceptions of life.

As for the West, new Turkey has shown it an Oriental people in love with liberty and independence and as capable of supreme patriotic sacrifices as any Western nation. By that she has proved that it will not be as easy as it has been heretofore for Western powers to infringe upon the independence of an Oriental people consciously aware of its dignity and honor. This is an important gain in the peace of the world, for imperialism and the thirst for colonies and external expansion menace world peace and engender wars. Up to the present it was above all else the passivity of Oriental peoples, the absence among them of love for country and independence, and their submission before force, which encouraged this thirst for colonies, for external expansion among Western powers and led them to quarrel among themselves for the domination of the Orient. Why has no power dared to infringe upon the independence of such small countries as Switzerland and Holland? Because it is known that, conquered, each Switzerland, each Holland, like a bone in the throat, would strangle the conqueror. The day when the Occident accepts this same idea and this same conviction regarding the peoples of the Orient, imperialism and colonial policy will cease of themselves and it will be understood that in place of armies and conflagrations, they must come to the Orient with commerce and industry, science and art; they must seek not to dominate the Orient but to understand and coöperate with her; to seek peaceable ways and means for utilizing to the full the natural resources of the world.

Turkey has demonstrated that an Oriental people is as capable of assimilating Western civilization as any other. By that, she has brought to an end the legend of the essential incompatibility of Orient and Occident, which, dominating European

thought for so long, obscured the truth. Many Westerners consider the Oriental an inferior being, incapable of raising himself to the level of European culture, of having a taste for the higher moral and intellectual conceptions, of appreciating the value of institutions and ways of living which characterize the Western world. This attitude has been another cause for hostility and isolation between halves of the world. Here again Turkey has broken the ice. Europe has seen with amazement how a people, crushed and ruined, betrayed by its own government, won its independence and liberty at cost of incalculable efforts and sacrifices, changed its life completely, and in a short time became a state altogether modern.

The example of Turkey has provoked a general interest in the Orient among Western nations the like of which has never been known before. In the past, it was the politicians, the archeologists, those in search of adventure, the sophisticated seeking new sensations in exoticism who came to the Orient. Since the Turkish struggle for independence, these have been outnumbered by the scholars, the writers, the journalists and the thinkers, who have come, not to excavate ancient Eastern ruins but to study the psychology and the social life of Oriental races and to make honorable efforts to understand them.

For ten years now Turkey has been exerting efforts for internal reforms the scope and nature of which have never before been seen in the history of the Orient. She has transformed her entire life, from the family unit to the state. Once, the Turkish woman was secluded between four walls, and could not take part in public life or receive serious educational training. To-day she is free; schools and colleges of all grades are open to her; and she plays a large part in political life. Already there are thousands of Turkish women teachers, writers, artists, lawyers, doctors and apothecaries, in the employ of the state and private enterprises. Formerly, polygamy and easy divorce at the caprice of the husband were practised by the higher classes; now, both are prohibited by law, and civil marriage in state courts is obligatory.

From a theocratic state, Turkey has become a secular state, and from a despotic one, she has become a republic. Once, civil life was regulated by laws inspired by religion; to-day, reason, needs, and the enlightened spirit of the times, inspire its laws. Once, she had neither public schools, nor sufficient means of communication; to-day, she has opened in all sections of the country a system of schools of all grades and has already expended one hundred million Turkish lire (approximately $428,000,000) for the construction of railroads.

She had an alphabet which made reading and writing difficult for any but the more learned; now, the use of the Turkish alphabet in Latin script, which will reduce the number of illiterates and render the Turkish language less difficult for foreigners, is officially enforced for all publications.

But we do not blind ourselves with illusions; we are profoundly conscious that a work so immense cannot be considered definitely estab-

lished so quickly and so easily. Turkey needs more time and much work in order to consolidate herself, to sink her roots deeply, that lasting fruit may grow. It will require much effort, much patience, and for that we need above all else—peace. Peace—it is the essential condition for our success and for the crowning of our labors. Neither our military success in the War for Independence nor the brilliant achievement of the Treaty of Lausanne has dazzled us. Our great leader, Mustafa Kemal Pasha, and his councilors consider peace as the essential basis for the national renaissance. That is why mutual accord with other nations, agreements to arbitrate, treaties of friendship and non-aggression form the principles which inspire and determine the foreign policy of our President and parliament.

It was this love of peace which led Turkey to render the important sacrifices demanded in order to settle the question of Mossul amicably, for Turkey's rights in that region were unquestioned, and had been recognized by the Special Commission of the League of Nations. Our desire to terminate all litigation with England and to establish friendly relations with that country deterred us from insisting upon those rights.

Since that settlement, our relations with England have been altogether normal. The change in public opinion there shows that that great Power has begun to appreciate the civilizing value of Turkey in the Orient, the rôle which Turkey plays in the bringing together of two continents, and in the establishment of a spirit of solidarity between them.

In our relations with France we have met with the same friendly inclinations. We especially prize the friendship of that country whose language and culture are so widespread among us, and which have been an actual stimulation for all our great reforms. But in spite of that, unfortunately, the question of the Syrian frontier has not yet definitely been regulated. That is the only problem that mars our relations with France.

Our relations with Italy are of a character altogether special. It is well known that this country with its population problem is seeking territorial expansion and colonies, especially since the United States has limited immigration by its quota regulation. Already in 1912 Italy had pounced upon us and torn away Tripoli. During the World War she seized all our Mediterranean Islands (Dodecanos) and approaching our western frontiers, she saw our Mediterranean coastline. In the Treaty of Sèvres those sections were designated as zones of Italian influence. In this situation we could hardly be expected to feel tranquil. More than that, Italian statesmen and writers began to express Italy's pretensions to those parts of our country. Turkish statesmen and writers responded with vehemence; the situation rankled and heavy fogs fell between the two countries. Our relations became more and more strained. But, fortunately, the political wisdom and foresight of Mussolini dissipated the clouds, and all misunderstanding was dispelled.

Italy carries on more commerce with Turkey than does any other European nation, and consequently

she is more interested in the duration of peace in the Orient. At present, no problem hangs between the two countries, and the efforts of statesmen on both sides has sufficed to establish amicable relations of such a character that to-day we are allied with Italy by a treaty of arbitration and non-aggression.

With Germany, which was our ally during the World War, we continue to live on the best of terms and a treaty of arbitration and non-aggression is in the process of being concluded.

As for the United States—we have never been at war with or hostile to that nation. And although the United States Senate has refused to confirm the Treaty of Lausanne, we have not hesitated to send our representative to Washington, and to continue friendly relations with her. We know that propaganda is being directed against us in that country and the American public is being deceived concerning us. But full of gratitude toward the United States Government and above all toward its representative, Admiral Bristol, whose humane and noble conduct toward the Turks during the Armistice has left ineffaceable memories, we do not lose hope and are convinced that the good sense and the passion for justice which form the basis of the American character, will arise to conquer the prejudices and misunderstandings which now exist, and that the most friendly relations will one day be established between the two peoples. The American people, whose technical genius and financial methods are so important for human progress, by their very nature cannot long remain indifferent to a people who have made superhuman efforts for rebirth and reform.

Concerning the Balkan powers, our ideal is to unite these countries by a "Locarno-Baltic" pact. In time we may take the official initiative. It is common knowledge that—due to the multitude of nationalities inhabiting the Peninsula, the rivalry and animosity among them and the struggle for influence that the great powers have never given up—these Balkan nations have always been the Vulcans of war for Europe. We do not forget that the last world war broke out there. If, then, the interests of the different nationalities could successfully be conciliated, and they could be united around a common ideal, a furnace for wars will have been extinguished. But, unfortunately, in spite of the sober lessons of the World War, the Balkan peoples do not wish to listen to one another. Meanwhile, rivalries among them, further excited by troubles instigated by outside influences, continue. Because of this, we have had to content ourselves with treating each Balkan power separately in order to establish friendly relations with all of them. Already we are on the point of concluding a treaty of arbitration and non-aggression with our immediate neighbor, Bulgaria.

As for Greece, our relations leave something to be desired. Greece invaded Turkey during the Armistice and her army occupied our provinces. It cost us tremendous efforts and sacrifice of life to expel her, but in spite of the complete defeat of her army, we did not abuse our victory. Her unstable government, combined

with other factors has made it impossible to establish, as yet, entirely satisfactory relations.

Turning now toward the Orient, we see before us as neighbors, Persia, Afghanistan and Russia. With the first two we have the best relations, having concluded friendly treaties with them for solidarity and non-aggression. As for Russia, it is well known that during the course of history, Turkey has been at war with Russia almost constantly and has sustained mortal blows. But the new Russian régime has repudiated the traditional attitude and conducts itself entirely differently. It manifested a sincere sympathy with our struggle for independence and aided us more or less by strengthening our morale. Most amicable relations were established with this country at the time of the Armistice, and these still endure, and guarantee to us peace and tranquillity on a long stretch of our frontier. There are rumors that we are becoming Communistic. Nothing could be more incorrect. Neither our national psychology nor our economic and social organization could adapt themselves to Communism.

The Turk is a religious man, very much attached to his family, very serious, a little heavy perhaps, not enthusiastic but reflective, of strong will—a man of action rather than a dreamer, a stranger to passions and expansion, living rather within himself. All this will explain in part his attitude toward neighboring countries, especially Russia.

Turkey is not yet a member of the League of Nations. Is it because Turkey does not appreciate its value? Is it because she does not recognize the rôle it will play in the destinies of the nations, above all such nations as Turkey, which has consecrated itself to reconstruction and has need of tranquillity, peace and international solidarity? No. Turkey appreciates all that, and knows that, conceived by a noble son of America, this institution is the finest creation of the human spirit. It was by believing without reserve in the Fourteen Points of its creator that Turkey laid down its arms; it is because Turkey believes that the League will become the impartial tribunal of the destinies of nations that she places her hope in it.

But, unhappily, in its practical operation the League has not confirmed these hopes. It also has become an instrument in the hands of the large and strong, and Turkey is a country on which such powers have fixed their eyes more than on any other. She must always be on her guard; and to enter the League signifies for her the obligation to obey the decisions of such powers. Since Turkey seems always to be the country attacked, she cannot desire anything better than to be able to carry all her international questions to the League, if only she were given proofs of its impartiality, of its independence from the ambitions of great powers. These proofs lacking, Turkey suspects that the great powers may subject her to decisions convenient for them. As for the smaller powers, they are rigorously and systematically excluded from the Council of the League, which, in fact, decides all questions. More than that, the absence of the United States deprives it of the only effec-

tive impartial element. The United States, not being an imperialistic nation, and not having colonial appetites, would be the sole guarantee for the countries which are or might be objects of such greed. In hastening to join the Kellogg Pact, Turkey has given proof that she is ready to welcome with enthusiasm all international combinations which inspire confidence in their impartiality.

In conclusion I ought to say a few words about the Public Debt Commission. It is known that Turkey came out of the World War ruined and impoverished. Nevertheless, she has had to shoulder a very heavy charge—that of paying debts which she received as a heritage from previous régimes. These debts amount to eighty-four million gold lire (approximately $359,520,000); and they were contracted before the establishment of the new régime—which means that the Republic of Turkey has not contracted one piaster of debt. But Turkey has believed it a duty to recognize these debts, and has declared itself ready to pay them. The Treaty of Lausanne left the regulation of payment to a special commission. After three years of discussion, the commission finally began to regulate the problem, and the Turkish Parliament ratified its arrangements.

Thus, without taking into consideration her actual situation, her dismemberment, the impoverished state of her population, the needs for a general reconstruction of the country, they have imposed on Turkey yearly payments exceeding fifteen per cent of Turkey's general budget, and an interest of five per cent. Nevertheless, Turkey, entirely conscious that she has been overburdened by these charges, accedes to them in order to give another proof of her good-will and of her desire to avoid all litigation and all bad relations between her and the rest of the world.

The Gay Dangerfields

Especially Kate—a Red-Haired Woman in a Long Black Riding-Habit

Lyle Saxon

The Dangerfields lived on Acacia Plantation in Louisiana, not far from the town of Baton Rouge. The house was a charming but dilapidated structure at the end of a long avenue of cedar-trees, each tree shrouded with trailing Spanish moss. Beyond the cedars, on each side of the avenue, were crape-myrtles and acacia-trees, and in summer the myrtles were rose-colored bouquets and the acacias were feathery green and gold. It was a romantic and beautiful place—rose and gold and green massed against black cedars and gray moss—and at the end of the avenue, seen through an arch of dark branches, were the white columns of the plantation house.

The house was very old. Once white it was now a creamy gray and the window-blinds had faded to a bluish green. There were eight large white columns across the façade, and a wide veranda upstairs and down. In fancy I can see it yet—and always I see, there between the columns, a red-haired woman in a long black riding-habit, surrounded by black and white spotted dogs. This was Kate Dangerfield, the mother of the children that I came to see.

They were all artists, the Dangerfields were. All the children had talent for drawing. The mother had received some training as a girl, and she believed that she had missed a great career by marrying and settling down. "Settling down" is hardly the phrase, for she was far from settled. She was nearly six feet tall, and she was very handsome. In her girlhood she had been known as a dashing young lady, and even as the mother of six children, she still dashed. She wore always a black riding-habit with trailing skirts, which she would gather up and pin at her waist. In consequence, her skirt would be knee-high on one side and would trail behind her as she walked. She was dramatic; her gestures were wide and free. Her hair, now streaked with gray, she dyed bright red in front; the back she disregarded entirely. Her oldest daughter, who was just my age, would always draw me aside and ask, "What do you think of Mama's hair, this time?"

Kate Dangerfield would stride about the house, a riding-crop in her hand, a cigarette between her lips—a magnificent figure.

In those days ladies did not smoke except behind closed doors, and there was always an air of mystery about her smoking. When I first ar-

rived there would be a pretense of hiding the cigarette; but soon I would come upon her puffing behind doors or in corners; later in my visit caution was abandoned and the cigarette was always in her hand as she talked and gesticulated.

She was an artist, as I have said, or rather she painted pictures. She gloried in her artistic temperament. She called herself "a bohemian." It was the first time that I had ever heard the phrase. One of her eccentricities was that she never finished anything. She would take my arm and draw me along the hall of the plantation house, pointing out a picture with her riding crop: "Now that," she would say, "is Paul and Virginia fleeing from the storm—but it isn't finished. It needs much more work on it. I have so little time, you know."

Or perhaps she would pause before a picture of three horses' heads: "Pharaoh's Horses," she would say. "How I love to paint animals! But it is unfinished. You can see that for yourself."

It was characteristic of her that she should do everything in the grand manner. I never saw her at work upon a painting, but I am sure that she painted with the same large magnificence with which she spoke and acted. In fact, the pictures looked like that. They had a startled expression—horses and men—as though surprised when confronted by the masterful woman who had created them.

Once, I remember, she paused before the portrait of a recumbent cow: "Now that," she said, "is what *I* call painting. But of course, it is not finished. Just a little old sketch that I made one day." Then she sighed and we went on to the next picture.

The daughters were like their mother, good-looking and erratic. Ada was the eldest. She was dark-eyed and olive-skinned and she was pretty in a gipsy sort of a way. Magda was next, a girl of twelve, tall for her age, pale-skinned and with dark eyes and red hair. The youngest daughter was Dorothy—named for Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall! —a charming, dreamy child only eight years old, but already erratic about coming to meals or learning lessons or getting dressed in the morning. It was no unusual sight to see Dorothy on her calico pony, wearing her nightgown, racing down the avenue just as the breakfast-bell was ringing. There were other children, twin red-haired boys, nicknamed Judge and Jury. I never knew their real names. And there was a baby in the arms of a negro nurse.

The younger children were kept in the background, but the three girls would have long arguments with their mother about horsemanship, in which they would squabble exactly as though they were all of the same age. There was constant warfare between Ada and her mother as to which of them was the better horsewoman. The mother was noted for miles around as an excellent and fearless rider, but at home the daughters disputed this. They would urge her on to bolder and more extravagant feats; they would wager that she could not ride this or that unbroken horse. And they would shriek with glee when she was thrown off—which happened frequently. Instead of spanking them all, as one

would imagine, she would cringe before their criticism, and would accept their wildest dares in order to retain her supremacy. I don't know when she found time to paint, but paint she did, as scores of pictures in the house testified.

The family owned two plantations on opposite sides of the Mississippi, and Mr. Dangerfield was usually "over at the other place." He seldom appeared, but when he did, it was always in the same way. He would ride slowly up the cedar avenue on a huge white horse, dismount, throw the reins to a waiting negro, kiss his wife and children if they were within range—and then disappear. He always shook hands with me gravely, and inquired as to my grandfather's health and my own, but he did not listen to my answers. He had a remote "office" in a wing of the house where he remained aloof; even his meals were carried there on a tray. I remember him only as a shadowy figure, tall, distinguished-looking and absent-minded, a man with a black beard and a soft drawl. But to me, he was but a minor actor in the drama enacted by the female members of the family. I remember only one unsolicited statement from him: "My wife is a magnificent horsewoman, by God!"

He had good reason to be proud of her, for she was noted throughout that section of the State. She used to come galloping through the streets of Baton Rouge on a black stallion, and the shopkeepers would run to their doors to see her go by. News would spread through the streets: "Mrs. Dangerfield is in town. Watch out for the fun!"

She was the heroine of a score of mishaps. Once a horse that she was driving with a light buggy became restive on Main Street. It reared and snorted and ended by kicking the dashboard to pieces; while Kate Dangerfield, with feet firmly braced and with the reins wrapped around her wrists, gave shriek after shriek of wild laughter, and called out to those brave young men who attempted to rescue her, that she needed no help; and she begged them to keep away until she got the horse under control. She did it, too, but not until the carriage was virtually demolished.

On another day a frightened horse managed to pull the harness loose from the shafts of her carriage. She held the reins and was dragged over the dashboard into the road. But she held on through sheer stubbornness, and it was not until the horse had dashed her against a tree that she let go.

She lay there in the dust while the horse went running down the street. Men and women came out to pick her up. Every one thought her dead, but she sat up and laughed:

"Why that's nothing," she said. "Just a little old wild colt that I'm breaking in!"

As she was casual about risking her life, so was she casual about the affairs of the plantation household; and while she was the most hospitable woman in the world, her guests sometimes suffered severe trials.

At Acacia Plantation there were nine hunting dogs—pointers and setters—that slept in the hall. All day long there would be growls and yelps as their tails were stepped on by some of the Dangerfields, for it

was nearly impossible to go from room to room without stepping on some sleeping animal. But the dogs must have been strangely good-natured, for no one was ever bitten. There was an army of cats, too, which no one ever remembered to feed, so they were always ravenous. Going to the dinner-table was like going to war. We were surrounded on all sides by cats and dogs—animals ready to snatch the food out of our mouths.

As half of the family never came to meals anyway, there were always empty chairs at the table. Mrs. Dangerfield would sit at one end and I would sit beside her; then there would be, perhaps, four empty chairs, and down at the opposite end of the table, Dorothy would be lolling, lost in a day-dream. The others would trail in at ten minute intervals, as the spirit moved them.

One day the cat situation became acute. Mrs. Dangerfield, Dorothy, Magda and I were at table, and a servant had just placed a large silver platter of roast beef in the center of the board, beyond the reach of any of us. Scarcely had the servant left the room when a black cat sprang up and began eating from the dish. Kate Dangerfield regarded it languidly and said: "This is too much. Dorothy, knock that cat off the table."

The little girl came out of her day-dream with an effort, looked narrowly at the cat, and said: "I won't touch it. That's Ada's cat. Make her come and drive it away."

And the cat continued to eat.

"Oh well—" said Kate Dangerfield, and reaching behind her she took a buggy whip from a rack, and brought it crashing down among the plates and glasses. It is true that this drove the cat away, but it also scattered gravy in every direction, inundating us in grease. Two goblets and a plate were broken, but dinner proceeded as usual. One soon fell into the spirit of the occasion, or at least I did.

Although the house was overrun with servants, everything was left undone. Meals were always late, and sometimes forgotten altogether. One night at ten o'clock, Kate Dangerfield, who had been walking up and down the hall reciting poetry, stopped suddenly, clutched her red hair and cried out: "Good Lord! I forgot to have supper!" And to our surprise, we found that it was perfectly true. We went to the kitchen and to the ice-box; we foraged for the remains of dinner. Jars of preserved fruits were opened, cold biscuits appeared. At half past ten, instead of going prosaically to bed, we were sitting around the dining-room table in the midst of a meal.

Mrs. Dangerfield was a great teller of stories and many of them dealt with the sensational and romantic episodes of her girlhood. Her daughters scoffed openly and stiffled exaggerated yawns, but they would listen for hours on end, and to their interruptions she paid not the least attention. She talked for the pleasure of talking; she "entertained us" for the sheer joy of entertaining.

One evening after dinner she walked up and down the floor of the drawing-room and recited Kipling's poems until long past midnight. She was like a woman in a dream. The poems seemed thrilling as she recited them, and though I

heard midnight strike, I was far from sleepy. The candles burned low in their sconces and went guttering out, one by one, as she strode back and forth in the long room, under the family portraits, her head up, her red hair coming down, her black riding-habit trailing after her, a cigarette in her hand:

"This is the sorrowful story
Told when the twilight fails,
And the monkeys walk together,
Holding each others' tails!"

It was after one o'clock when she ended. Then she got out a decanter and gave each of us a glass of Benedictine for a nightcap.

I have spoken of the dogs, and now it must be recorded that the dogs had fleas. At Acacia Plantation the fleas sometimes won victories.

Once there was a guest in the house, a pale, aristocratic-looking woman from New Orleans. She was a distant relative who had come to spend a week at the plantation. She was totally unprepared for such a family as the Dangerfields, and her visit was not quite a success.

She had been given a room upstairs at the front of the house, a large room with a fourpost bed, a sofa, two or three armchairs and the other usual bedroom furniture. She appeared at breakfast the next morning looking wan and worn, and in answer to the question as to how she had slept, she answered somewhat hesitantly that she had been bothered by fleas. She said, in fact, that she had been forced to leave her bed and spend the night upon the sofa; and as the horsehair sofa was very slippery, she had not slept at all.

Instead of being horrified, as the guest expected, Kate Dangerfield laughed: "My poor Virginia! You, of all people in the world, to be bitten by fleas in my house. You, a Randolph of Roanoke!" And she was gone again in a gale of laughter.

The guest mustered a wry smile. "It was pretty bad, just the same," she said.

Mrs. Dangerfield sobered: "My dear, I *am* sorry. You have no idea how sorry I am. Really. Why didn't you come to me? There are other rooms empty here. Although" —and here she laughed again— "there may be fleas in every one, for all I know."

Then she went on to explain: "You see, I haven't been in that room for months. I supposed that the servants looked after it, but instead they've left the door open and the dogs got in. It's highly probable that a dozen dogs have been sleeping on that bed all summer. It's odd about negroes and doors. It is absolutely impossible to teach them to close doors after them, even in cold weather. They won't. It's some racial trait, I suppose." And she went blithely on.

"But what will you do to get rid of the fleas?" the guest asked at last.

All through breakfast we talked of possible flea-remedies. Some one suggested that a young lamb be put upon the bed, the theory being that the fleas would leave the bed and take refuge in the lamb's wool. This idea delighted Mrs. Dangerfield, as it promised immediate action. She ordered one of the negro men-servants to catch a lamb and bring it to her. The negro demurred:

"Now you know, Miz Kate, dat dey ain't a single l'il lamb in de pasture, dis time a-yeah!"

"Well then, catch me a sheep," ordered our undaunted hostess. "If a lamb is good, a sheep will be better. It's bigger you know. More room for fleas."

A few minutes later two negro men appeared at the dining-room door; they carried a large, dirty and very angry ram between them. The old ram's dignity was upset and he struggled to get down.

"Carry him upstairs!" ordered Kate Dangerfield.

But this was not as easy as it sounded. We all tried to help. We tugged, we pushed, we shoved, and the ram cried "*Baa-aa-aa!*" and set his hind legs. All of us took part in assisting the ram upstairs. All, that is, except the guest. She stood in the parlor door watching us, and she seemed annoyed and amused and miserable, all at once.

Finally, the ram was brought into the bedroom and deposited on the bed, where he lay, panting and exhausted. We withdrew and closed the door; but we had scarcely reached the drawing-room, directly below, when there came a crash that set the crystals tinkling in the chandelier. Mrs. Dangerfield who had collapsed on a sofa, and who was smoking a cigarette in order to regain her composure cried out, "He's jumped off the bed!"

We all ran upstairs again, dogs, children, white folks and negroes. This time the ram gave battle. He charged us, knocking one of the children down. Chairs were overturned, children screamed, dogs barked. But in the end, we were triumphant. This time the servants tied the ram's legs together and put him back in bed again.

"Cover him up!" Mrs. Dangerfield ordered.

Accordingly the blankets were drawn up over the ram, and he lay there, furious, his horns on the pillow, and looking for all the world like Red Riding Hood's grandmother.

However, it was not more than ten minutes later that the second crash came and the ram was free again. The struggle lasted all day. The room was a wreck, chairs and sofa overturned, a mirror broken, the disorder unbelievable. It was not odd that the guest remembered an important engagement in New Orleans and left suddenly in the afternoon.

Charming people the Dangerfields were, galloping about the country on horseback, a gay cavalcade, hunting, shooting clay pigeons, or riding to hounds. Looking back on them now, across twenty years, I can think of no more delightful times than those I spent with the gay and eccentric family at Acacia Plantation.

When I grew older, I lost sight of them. I went away to school, then work took me out of Louisiana. Years passed before I returned. When I inquired for them I found that the girls had married, the father had died, and like so many other country families, they had lost their plantations. Kate Dangerfield, they told me, had moved to another plantation in the northern part of the State. I wrote to her, but the letter was returned unclaimed.

It was not until last year that I saw her again. It came about like this: I sat in the lobby of a New

Orleans hotel, waiting for a man who had invited me to lunch. Nearby sat two sunburned men who wore broad-brimmed Panama hats. So near they were that I could hear what they were saying, and suddenly my attention was caught by their talk:

". . . a most remarkable woman, I tell you. Why just the other night she heard a noise in her hen-house, and she went out to see what was after the chickens. It was a wildcat. You'd think that any woman would be afraid, but not that one! Would you believe it, she put her foot on that wildcat's head and held it there until her son came with a pistol and shot it, right under her foot!"

"What did you say her name was?" asked the other.

"Mrs. Kate Dangerfield," he answered.

I sprang up: "Where is she?" I demanded. "I must see her. I knew her years ago."

"If you hurry, you can catch her at the station," the planter said. "She's in town for a day's shopping. I left her a few minutes ago. She's headed for the Union Station to catch the one-fifteen train."

I ran from the hotel, caught a taxi and reached the station with only two minutes to spare. The gateman let me through to the platform and I ran along beside the train, looking in at the windows. But just as I was about to give up the search, I saw her walking on the platform. She was strangely unchanged; still red-haired, still straight, and she wore a black dress, cut like a riding-habit. A negro girl followed her, her arms full of parcels. I caught Kate Dangerfield's hand as she was about to enter the coach.

She greeted me as though we had parted the day before: "How in the world did you know I was in town to-day?" she asked.

"I overheard a conversation in the hotel," I answered. "It was about a remarkable woman who put her foot on a wildcat's head and held it until her son came with a pistol."

She laughed and made the sweeping gesture that I remembered so well: "Why, that was nothing," she said. "It's just talk. It was a little bit of an old wildcat. I thought it was an owl."

The Lost Art of Motion-Pictures

A True Lover of the Movies Speaks in Sadness

Katharine Fullerton Gerould

Some fifteen years ago—roughly speaking—various groups of people began experimenting on a large scale with the presentation of narrative and dramatic material through the medium of the moving picture. Half a dozen years ago, photography, direction, pantomimic action, everything that is included within the technique of movies, had been so far perfected that Hollywood was sitting on top of the world. Motion-pictures had the whole planet for audience; they were driving other forms of entertainment out of business. The disappearance of the legitimate drama, except in the largest centers, was freely predicted. No one escaped the movies, and—save for a few purblind and scornful individuals—no one wished to. Today, the movies are carrying on, it would seem, in a depleted and precarious fashion; and the art of the motion-picture—as distinguished from the mechanical production thereof—appears to be very nearly lost. One who misses the movies cannot but ask why. How did an art so young, so lusty, so fortunate, happen to fall into decline?

Not many months ago, I read an article by Mr. Struthers Burt, in the course of which he stated that one or two of the largest motion-picture concerns were, to his knowledge, on the verge of bankruptcy. Mr. Burt proceeded to give his own conjectures as to the reason why. Mr. Burt knows far more about the matter, in every technical sense, than I do; my only excuse for expressing a somewhat different opinion is that I have been, in my time, what I suspect he never was—a true lover of the movies. In sheer affection, one can say some things that should not be said without affection. "Faithful are the wounds of a friend."

Mr. Burt recorded the fact that the movies are growing less popular; that they have, the country over, to be bolstered up with vaudeville acts, special musical programs and the like. He accounts for this by the poor quality of the studio output, and berates the producers for underrating the taste and intelligence of audiences. So far, he is surely right—though I confess, to my mind, an audience that can be diverted by the sort of vaudeville act or the sort of musical program furnished in most movie theaters, is not above the worst movie ever made. There is no question that motion-pictures have been getting worse, steadily, during the last few years. The interesting thing is the reason for this degeneration. Mr. Burt seems to lay too much

stress on the original scenario; on its being written, as a scenario, by a competent author. I do not even agree with him about that; and, in any case his complaint, it seems to me, does not go to the root of the matter.

Why was the art of motion-pictures allowed to rot before it was ripe? The motion-picture magnates surely had a free hand. They had all the money they needed; and they had the fascinated loyalty of millions. Why have they, in so short a period, so miserably failed? Lack of intelligence somewhere must be the answer; but has any one put a finger on just the place where intelligence failed them?

The initial mistake was certainly not in omitting to induce professional authors to give them material in scenario form. Many of the best movies one has ever seen had scenarios written by God knows whom. Hollywood had its period of famous authors to match its famous players, and very little good the famous authors did—as Mr. Burt himself says. Very likely movies would have been better if gifted writers had been induced to suggest, or even frame, plots that were peculiarly adapted to screen representation; but to ask authors to bother with the strict scenario form is as foolish as to ask them to bother with camera work. I could name offhand—any one could name—a dozen stories, long since published and forgotten, that, properly treated, would make stunning movies; and all the motion-picture people would need of the author is his consent.

No, the initial mistake was in not capturing, early, some disinterested individual who was capable of analyzing and systematizing the new *genre;* some one who could formulate the esthetic and psychologic laws of the motion-picture, showing what were its logical possibilities and what its inevitable limitations. It was not an author that they needed in Hollywood a dozen years ago: it was a philosopher! Some one who knew how the human mind was affected by certain visual representations, and why. They needed a sound theory of movies—and they never had it. The art—and, believe me, it is an art—was allowed to grow up anyhow, and to die daily many ridiculous deaths.

Perhaps the worst foe of the motion-picture has been the absurd assumption that it is a form of drama. The cleverest producers and directors have, over and over again, been misled by that notion. Anything is drama, of course, if you use the term loosely: the day, from sunrise to sunset, of any human being, is drama, in the loose—and senseless—sense. I do not mean that. I mean that they took the motion-picture as being drama, technically; the sort of drama that is acted on the stage, and that once was bound by the three unities (of place, time and action); drama, which is a definite *genre* with its own laws, like the novel, the essay or the epic poem. They never forgot Broadway; and only too often they accepted the limitations of the stage play, bound themselves by stage conventions, when they should have been exploiting their legitimate freedom therefrom.

In spite of all the modern trick stuff, the good play is still within sight of the old unities. It cannot

leap about too much, in either space or time. The first fascinating problem of the playwright has always been to select the significant, the pregnant moment when the situation is so fully developed as to be already on the verge of solution. That expositional first act had to do miracles in the way of reminiscence, both explicit and implied. His second fascinating problem is to make the dialogue a part of the action, something as dynamic as deeds. Doubtless there are a great many other problems, equally fascinating—I am not a playwright, and it is not my business to name them. But these two suffice to show how fundamentally the motion-picture differs from the play. In the play, words are as important as business; dialogue and action are inextricably interwoven in its successful presentation of life. In the movie (the movie, properly speaking; I shall discuss "talkies" later) words are not important at all —not in the strictly dramatic sense. Pantomime, atmosphere, all sorts of visual indications, take their place. Some admission of this fact, indeed, was implicit in the tendency of movies, before they went to pieces, to use fewer and fewer subtitles. Nor is any such economy of time or space needed on the screen as is needed on the stage. Though every scene must be helpful, it need not be directly relevant, and certainly need not be crucial. The drama may not be epical, it may not be descriptive, it may not even really be narrative; whereas the motion-picture may be all of these. The most thrilling melodrama ever given on any stage is limited to the physical size and physical possibilities of that stage, and is therefore relatively static (visually speaking), whereas the fundamental quality of the motion-picture is—motion.

The best plays have never been "spectacles"; they have been close-wrought as knots, and the action is the untying of that knot. The spectacular, on the other hand, is the very breath of movies. The drawing-room movie—well, every one knows about the drawing-room movie, and how unsatisfactory it is. Consciously or unconsciously, we demand on the screen free physical movement, change of scene, some hint of epic progress. The moving picture must move. Perceiving this fact, yet clinging to the old fallacy that the motion-picture is drama, producers have attempted to enliven situations essentially dramatic with absurdly invented excitements. How many stage plays and psychological novels have we not seen ruined on the screen! Ruined because, left in anything like original form, they were, as movies, dull, and the expedients used to make them less dull were necessarily incongruous with their material. Dialogue had to be replaced by visual suggestion. In heaven's name, gentlemen, where did you get the idea that dialogue *could*, in all cases, be replaced by visual suggestion? Words are very significant —in their own places, and on their own job. In the supremely artificial form of the drama, they are all-important. Your business was to present material that needed a minimum of dialogue, in order to "get across." One of the great assets of the movie, considered as an artistic medium, is precisely that it does not demand the artificial stress,

compression, foreshortening, of the drama: it can be more natural and, in a sense, truer to life. Certain novels lend themselves admirably to motion-picture representation. They are always the books where the author has himself pursued an objective method, has used a large canvas and much symbolic action, where the imagination can be adequately approached through the eye alone—not the book where emotion is compressed into verbal epigram.

And what a chance the movie gives for beauty! The stage-play, in comparison, gives very little. Not only for literal beauty—landscape, setting, dress, plastic beauty of human beings—but also for that sense of liberation which is deeply implicit in esthetic enjoyment. To suck the value from the best drama involves a supreme effort of concentration; your eyes and ears and mind must be focussed on one small, significant scene. The drama demands your logical consideration; the picture depends on your intuitions, your instincts, your shadowy impulses, affections and desires. The play dragoons and compels; the picture lets you wander on a long, long leash. The things you can suggest are not only more numerous but more appealing, even, than the things you can define. Therefore the movie has always had a better chance than the play of touching the common heart of man.

Beauty has largely given place, in motion-pictures, to the more obvious "kicks." I like a "kick" as well as any other spectator; but I think street crowds and sky-scrapers and acrobatics have been overworked. I miss the old vistas, the sense of distance, of loneliness even, that the California "locations" used to furnish in such plenty. No one goes to a movie with the main purpose of seeing resort hotels, or Hollywood's conception of a smart entertainment or the New York Stock-Exchange. We are all tired, by the time we get round to amusing ourselves, and unless we have deliberately chosen a comedy or a crook play, we want a release from the noisier and tawdrier business of life. I love good slapstick, I love good melodrama; but I resent the fact that the only good movies I can see nowadays are slapstick and melodrama. I resent, indeed, not only the passing of beauty from the screen, but also the passing of realism—realism in the form which is appropriate to the motion-picture *genre*. Pictures are growing, all the time, both duller and less credible.

There is a kind of dramatic realism which, depending largely on interplay of words and the gestures of living men and women moving in three dimensions, before your eyes, cannot be expected of the motion-picture. But the immense power of emotional and psychological suggestion through the eye has never been properly exploited. Sometimes I think that producers and directors have never realized that a picture depends, for its effect, not only on the receptive mind, but on the whole life-history of the spectator, on all his visual associations. You cannot, in a movie, tell him in so many words what he is witnessing; you have to depend in large measure on what he naturally associates, in the way of conduct and feeling, with a certain human type, a

certain sort of gesture, a certain sort of place. Surely the tragedies of miscasting that we have endured would have been averted if directors had carefully summed up the possibilities of their actors. People come away damning a picture, when what they are really damning is a human misfit; the hero or heroine called on to play a part which his physical personality does not suggest, or reinforce. There have been players in Hollywood who needed only to stand up and smile, or move across the screen, or flick a finger, to imply a certain kind of life-history. Some things can plausibly happen to them; and in some situations they can be involved not only plausibly but with an effect of inevitability. In other situations, they will never convince. You see the chivalrous gentleman played by the man whom all our experience of types would lead us to connect with the pool-room or the "dive"; you see the hero of the great open spaces looking like a lounge-lizard; you see the exotic playing the Park Avenue rôle and the young American business man doing the foreign aristocrat—and you go away irritated, disappointed. The actor on the stage has a chance, through his lines, to modify your preconceptions; the actor on the screen has no such chance.

If the producers had exploited the material they had in their possession, they need never have miscast their parts, as they have so glaringly done. But evidently they never walked round their actors and actresses to see what their visual and suggestive possibilities—and limitations—were; though the picture's success is half won already if the player looks from the beginning like the sort of person he is supposed to be. There is a well-known actor whom I have been seeing off and on, for several years, always in the part of a particularly dashing hero; and though I do not doubt he is, in real life, an estimable person, I would not instinctively trust him with a dollar. He should be cast always for the smooth villain, or the cheap remittance-man, or at best as the idol with feet of clay. His acting, according to my recollection, is good enough; it is the hopeless misapprehension of what he visually suggests that is responsible for my sense that I have never seen a good picture of his. Actors and producers both, no doubt, are weary of sameness, and are afraid the public will tire of seeing a person always in the same kind of rôle. Why do they not see that while one player can probably act many parts, there are certain others into which he should never be put, for fear of making the whole picture unreal?

One could be much more convincing about both pictures and players if names were used. That, I prefer not to do. This is not movie criticism: it is a well-meaning endeavor to show what one fan thinks have been fatal departures from esthetic principle. But the miscasting is a serious matter, and has had a wide and disastrous effect; for the failure of producers and directors to realize the assets they actually had, to understand the public dissatisfaction with their pictures, has led them to take foolish steps. They thought, for example (I suspect) that the public was tired of many famous stars, and that they must get

in new blood. The financial success, the fan mail, the ridiculous adulation and vulgar publicity, the unlimited interest in screen personalities, should have shown the magnates that the public does not tire of its favorites—not as long as the favorite is allowed to do what he or she can effectively do. One of the most beautiful women and most accomplished actresses I have ever seen on the screen is now playing in quasi-obscurity. I do not know the ins and outs of these things: perhaps it is largely her own fault—these poor waifs, caught up into the Klieg lights, develop, they say, amazing egomania. But before she began to slip, she was being made to act parts that had nothing in common with her; and I believe that is why she slipped. Charlie Chaplin is said by many critics to be a great actor, a genius and what-not; but no critic, I am sure, would contend that Chaplin ought to give successive interpretations of *Romeo*, *Cardinal Richelieu*, *Kim* and the *Virginian*. I have no doubt, however, that if Chaplin were not beyond the power of producers, producers could have been found who would be delighted to present him in any one of those rôles.

They brought in new blood, when what they needed was to use intelligently the blood they had; and—which was worse—they aped Broadway in importing not only foreign actors, but foreign material and foreign methods. America was, a few years ago, making (except perhaps for some German trick stuff with a very narrow appeal) the best movies in the world. The photography was better; the acting was better; the direction was better; the plots were better. The American movie controlled the planet, from Hollywood to the East Indies and back. Let me say now that I have seen no Russian-made films; how good they are, I cannot pretend to state. But I have seen German, French and Italian films, and I do not hesitate to say that American movies are better. Let the foreign actors come, at great price, and make pictures in Hollywood—if the movie-czars wish to gamble on them, it is their own affair. Let our cameramen learn what they can from German methods—but please do not let them learn more than they can, for the photography of American films has already degenerated, under some influence which I take to be German, judging by the German films I have seen. There is no "kick" in being made to peer blindly; there is no "kick" in being made dizzy. These experiences are merely unpleasant.

I said that I preferred to name no names; but one importation is so typical of the false inspirations of the producers that it is perhaps better to name him. He was supposed, I seem to have heard, to regenerate the declining movies. His name is Emil Jannings. Jannings had, I believe, a big German reputation before he was imported on that rich contract. But why did it not occur to the importers to inquire whether German and American tastes were similar? If they had read much contemporary German literature, they would know that the German post-war film partakes of the nature of the German post-war novel, and that neither is sympathetic to the average American, whose na-

tional experience has latterly been so different. The films, like the books, are fantastic, brutal, a little mad, and, above all, unconvincing. Neither brutality nor fantasticality is particularly characteristic of, or sympathetic to, the American mind.

Here, then, is Jannings. I have seen—let me be frank—only three Jannings pictures: "Variety," "The Street of Sin" and "The Patriot." I must stand or fall by my judgment of those, for I shall never bore myself with another. What is it, I have asked myself as I endured them, that this man is supposed to bring to the screen? It certainly is not beauty, for to look at him at all takes an effort of the will. It cannot be noble emotion, for he registers no noble emotion. Is it realism? And, in that case, what do they mean by realism? A great actor on the stage can get away with physical ugliness, if he has a fine voice and dramatic power. But on the screen he has not the voice, or the potent words, to help him out. His face, his features, his expression, his gesture, must do everything. Now, we do not always demand pulchritude, even on the screen; but we do, consciously or unconsciously, demand the suggestion of a recognizable type; in a hero, we even demand the visual suggestion of a dignified or an admirable or an appealing type. Here you have a type that, on the screen, is neither dignified, nor admirable, nor appealing. What, then, do we expect from it? There is nothing left for it to give us—that screen-phantom—but superlative acting; the kind of acting that makes you forget physical handicaps, that somehow pulls you through an emotional sequence and makes you sympathize with something utterly alien. *Caliban* himself, given the right plot and sufficient pantomimic gift, could make us suffer. Well, does Jannings make us suffer?

The answer, I think, is that he does not. His type is so wholly alien to the average American eye as to seem not human but sub-human. Only by superlative acting could he establish an imaginative contact with us; and Jannings, though a good character-actor, is not superlative. I remember, in my youth, seeing Bertha Kalich act in "Thérèse Raquin"; and, for precisely the same reasons, one could not be moved. The acting was not great enough to bring us into vital sympathy with situations and types that lay outside our experience or our desire. It is, fortunately, quite possible for the average man to sympathize vitally with situations and types that lie outside his experience or his desire, but it takes great acting, and Jannings' acting is not that. He has a good box of tricks, but they are always the same tricks. The Whitechapel coster and the Czar of Russia are exactly the same human being and produce the same effect. One cannot call that "characterization."

I have dwelt on Jannings' case, in the teeth of the critics—perhaps, even worse, in the teeth of box-office receipts!—because it seems to me typical of the errors into which the motion-picture industry has fallen. There were better actors than Jannings in Hollywood when they imported him; by which I mean people more capable than he of representing adequately on the screen a variety of human situations, a gamut of human

emotions, of suggesting to us, according to the aim of the particular picture, either reality or romance. Not realizing that the decline of interest in the studio-product was due to the mishandling of what they already possessed and misconception of what they could do with it, they went afield for something new enough, different enough, violent enough, to make people sit up and take notice. It was inevitable that the movies should be commercialized, one supposes; but it is a pity that they did not first consider the possibilities of the motion-picture; that they should have commercialized it before those were fully apprehended. Like some of their fellow-citizens, they made a mill-hand of a baby.

I saw last year in New York the revival of a picture made five years ago. It was not a super-film; merely one of the productions of a famous and popular star. When it was new, I had not cared overmuch for it, because the story had seemed to me not absolutely first-rate movie material. But I came out of the theater saying to myself that, five years ago, we were, without knowing it, walking in Arcadia. It was simply, as a picture, in a different class from anything else I have seen for fully three years. It had plastic beauty; it had delicate and distinguished acting; it had excitement; it touched the heart. Though the subject-matter was alien, it convinced. As a whole, it was coherent; it lived. A few weeks ago, I saw a movie which, for general type, subject, range, reputation and expensiveness, could fairly be compared with it. As I was with friends, I could not come out before it was over—a habit of mine, when I am bored, since I have learned through long experience that if the first half of a picture is bad, it is vain to expect anything better of the second half. The art had degenerated in every way: conception in the first place, development and achievement in the second. If I could name the two pictures, the actors, the directors, you would see that comparison of the two is not only fair, but subtly right: there was every reason to compare them. Both dealt with worldly fortune, great traditions, young romance, irony and disillusionment; and one was real, whereas the other was blurred and choppy, strident where it should have been subtle, jangling and contradictory where it should have rung simple and true. Above all, dull, where there were all the proper ingredients of suspense and excitement. Half a dozen years ago I saw an excellent film, made from a story by one of our best-known authors. Last year I saw the same story made into another film by a different set of actors. The first picture, which was memorable, ran fairly true to the original text; the second, they had jazzed up by introducing scenes, characters, situations and complications of their own. It fell perfectly flat.

I daresay, too, that the producers, irritated by the scorn of the highbrows, wanted to prove that movies could be sophisticated, in the Broadway sense. That was an unfortunate error. In the first place, if you give them good acting, plastic beauty, epic movement, the highbrows will eventually applaud. The number

that will not, at least, is negligible. In the second place, the movie never can be sophisticated in the sense in which drama and fiction can be—any more than history can be sophisticated. When you sophisticate history, you fall into untruth. Sophistication is dramatic, not epic; and what the movie should always have fought for was the epic quality. Not the special, but the typical, situation was movie-meat. It cannot expound; therefore, it must stick to general truths which "convince" without special pleading—though it may exemplify those truths with infinite variety. This does not mean, never meant, that the movies are restricted in plot: far from it. On the contrary, they had an opportunity for showing the completeness, and therefore the "difference," of an individual life, an individual variation on the human theme, which the stage-play never had. The movie has a super-dramatic chance for detail. But because the movies were deprived of words, argument, casuistry, the moral of the plot, whatever it was, had to ring true. The final appeal had to be to something deep within the human heart, something common in human experience. We are all to some extent aware of the meaning and importance of birth, death, love, pain, sorrow, hope, joy, deprivation and reprieve. These are sure-fire, being essential stuff of life. The true and typical permutations and combinations of these will furnish forth a million plots. I have seen no movie, in five years, as sophisticated, in the purer and less special sense, as one picture made six or seven years ago, which achieved the delicate and difficult task of controverting a certain social fallacy. It was quietly human, intensely true; no fairy-tale and no bolster for human vanity, unrelenting to human silliness and conceit. The ending was happy because the characters, after beating about foolishly, accepted their logical destinies in perfect contentment. Again, I will not name it, though I might say it was directed by Cecil De Mille. I do not know where the "story" came from—possibly out of the studio itself. It was interesting, exciting, amusing—yet it never flinched from realism. The incidents that constituted the acid tests of emotion were perfectly legitimate. But one sees no such pictures now.

These protests would perhaps never have been wrung from this particular fan, if the movie-magnates had not taken one further step into error. One could always hope that they would realize some of the fundamental mistakes they had made; that, safe in Hollywood, some of them at least were pondering the real reasons why the movie was rotting on their hands. They have disposed of that hope, however, by their latest gesture, which is worse than any of their previous bad experimenting. I refer to the "talkies."

Either the talkies will go, or they will prevail. I have not the faintest idea which will happen. Of course I hope they will go; but if they prevail, then the art of the motion-picture, with its immense possibilities, will be in our own generation as "lost" as the Egyptian art of embalming. The chief hope of the talkies, after the novelty wears off, lies in the degeneration of modern taste, brought about

by the mass-production of devices to bring people within poor guessing-distance of Art. No one whose ear had not been ruined by cheap reproducing devices (even as the American palate has been ruined by canned food) could endure talkies for an instant. The talking pictures are an agony and an absurdity. No doubt the laboratories will improve the mechanical means of reproducing sound so that the talkies may become less of an agony. It may be that the speech will eventually sound like a good radio, not a bad one. Even then, the talkie will still be an absurdity. Every intelligent person with whom I have talked has admitted that the whole idea of the talkies is wrong. What the movie critics say, I do not know. It is one case in which one does not have to refer to them.

One of the old complaints concerning motion-pictures was the objection to the medium itself. I still know people who have never been able to accustom themselves to the two-dimensional method of representation. There are comparatively few such, however, and the younger generation takes to screen-representation as naturally and easily as it takes to motor-cars. The medium, indeed, presents no difficulty to any one who has seen enough pictures. Perhaps the talking movie was supposed to do away with the two-dimensional difficulty, and give more reality to the human figures on the screen. Search as I will, I can find no other defense for it. What happens is precisely the contrary thing: the flat figure, moving, can be convincing; the flat figure, talking, never can. The first incongruity—people in two dimensions moving, acting—was disposed of by the cunning use of perspective; to all intents and purposes, when your eye was once adjusted and accustomed, those people were real. Give them speech, and inevitably you want them in the round. A photograph that talks is something that belongs in the cheaper kind of mystery story. Our imaginations can do wonders with a good photograph; they can do nothing whatever with a photograph that confusingly usurps the speech-faculty of "weight and size." Instead of bringing us nearer reality, it moves us further away than ever by introducing a new incongruity. The motion-picture, which had become coherent in itself, now becomes totally incoherent again. At present, the voices, as they issue from the screen, are unthinkable—simply that. Even the old "ten-twent'-thirt'" would not have owned them. Grant that they can so far perfect the mechanism that the voices will sound as well as a decent phonograph record: even then, the incongruity will be there, playing havoc with legitimate motion-picture effects. By infinite ingenuity, by marvels of photographic method, they developed a convincing representation of life on a flat screen. To introduce the human voice as an adjunct is simply silly; it brings them back to competition with the stage-play on its own ground—a competition that is doomed.

The old fallacy that the motion-picture is a form of drama must be at the bottom of this new vagary. Instead of differentiating the movie from the play, and letting it abound in its own sense, they are trying,

harder than ever, to assimilate it to the play. Either you depend on speech or you do not. If you make the picture dependent on speech, as in the "all-talking" film, you necessitate the use of stage plots and the dramatic method. Inevitably, the movies will more and more use stage plots, stage material and stage technique—which are just what they should have kept away from. They will tie themselves up in the strict rules of the drama, and movies will become mere canned plays. In other words, they will throw away all their advantages for the sake of cheap and ineffective imitation.

I have seen it stated that some producers are moving slowly in the matter of talkies, and intend to release, simultaneously, silent and spoken versions of the same picture. This does not help much; for the story, the plot, that is selected for its possibilities as a talkie, is sure to be a bad selection for a real movie. The talkie must be, basically, a play. Even the silent version of something adapted to talkies is going to be less good than a film with a story that was chosen and built up for motion-picture values and effects, not dramatic values and effects. As long as producers, in selecting, have one eye on the talkies, the material selected is bound to be inept for the real movie. That fact will remain, even though the laboratories should proceed to endow the actors with the palates they seem, at present, to have lost.

I could of course have been more convincing, had I permitted myself to mention names of actors, producers, directors and pictures. That, except in one case, I have not done, for it has been my intention to explain that the mistakes and misfortunes of the movies have arisen from no individual source, but from a general misapprehension of the nature and possibilities of the motion-picture as a *genre*. Jannings and the talkies cried out to be named: the one because he illustrates particularly well how little they have understood what is the matter with the movies; the other, because it is the most spectacular of their surrenders to the false notion which has been at the root of most of their troubles. It would have been a pleasure to praise many individuals and many films. But it is better not to identify, and not to start enumerating preferences which may be partly idiosyncratic. In one sense, I believe, the movies have played in hard luck: namely, in being developed at a time when the drama has been experimenting, perhaps, overmuch. What they were doing, attempting, trying out, on the stage, may have misled the sponsors of the sister art. If there had not been, in the last decade, so much reworking (with occasional pure evasion) of dramatic principles, it would perhaps have been easier for the motion-picture magnates to perceive that the drama has nothing to do with the film. The drama is too old and familiar and vital an art to die; but the movies were new, and needed to be brought up in the right way.

Yet one has, in honesty and courtesy, to thank its well-meaning murderers for a great deal of pleasure —while it lasted.

I've Been Reading

The Vampire, His Kith and Kin; Devils, Drugs and Doctors; On the Bottom

Cameron Rogers

Montague Summers is one whom the late Bram Stoker might have served humbly in the capacity of acolyte in the profession of a horrid belief. But to put Stoker's name with his in the same span, to draw equally the vehicle of strange terror both have made memorable, is to disparage Summers. Stoker, after all, vulgarized the vampire and by the emphasis of strictly physical sortilege, compelled the attention of a wide audience which read "Dracula" with a sort of pleasurable loathing and much actual queasiness, after which it forgot the book, save when prompted by direct reference to it, and suffered no mental alteration because of its grand guignolic monstrosities. But Summers, one suspects, is a believer, and his most recently published work, "The Vampire, His Kith and Kin," besides constituting an improbably recondite source-book on the subject, is so temperately and reasonably composed as to astonish and even terrify readers who believed "Dracula" to have been all in fun, even if this fun was rather impossibly of the charnel-house order.

Summers, author of "The History of Witchcraft" and kindred volumes, knows nothing at all of fun. When he writes upon the subject to which he seems unalterably enfeoffed—Witches, Incubi, Succubi and Vampires proper—he does so pontifically and, as I have said, convincingly, because he avoids the stage-tricks so obviously ready to hand in this connection. His chapter titles, "The Origin of the Vampire," "The Generation of The Vampire," "The Traits and Practice of Vampirism" and so on, are fine sound things, readily associable with erudite research. And so, indeed, should they be.

For Summers, in this business of the Vampire, prepares an extensive background for his thesis. Premature burial, necrophily, necrophagy, and necrosadism, all play their parts, and yet somehow, in the final analysis, these psychopathic dementias fail to adequately melt into the desired amalgam. The actual subject of the work is obscured by all these clinical notes upon madmen; and when the author actually gets down in cases, his appalling "living, mischievous and murderous dead body" is in reality less odious to sane consideration than the deplorable iniquities of Joseph Vacher, Andréas Bickel and Vincenzo Verzeni. Summers thus betrays the top-to-bottom flaw in the edifice of a work offered certainly as

a serious treatise upon a supernatural problem which humanity, he seems insistently to believe, is called upon to face. He lacks sufficient intelligent material to anchor the identity of his Vampire or any of his Vampire's kith and kin, in any reasonable mind, and lacking this, he has padded his volume with footnotes from the works of Ellis, Krafft-Ebing, Freud and related authorities. If my memory serves me, he faced much this same problem in his "History of Witchcraft."

It is his insuperable difficulty in the writing of these extremely entertaining books that too few intellectuals in the past have taken seriously his chosen subjects and provided him either with a convincing terminology or a credible fundamental material.

Briefly, Montague Summers asserts (on quoted authority) that death in the individual is never certain until the advent of decomposition. Therefore, a certain number of unfortunates become the victims of premature burial. Among these there is occasionally to be found "one who has led a life of more than ordinary immorality and unbridled wickedness; a man of foul, gross and selfish passions, of evil ambitions, delighting in cruelty and blood" who, buried alive, is abetted by Satan or Satan's agents in such a way as to enable him to break from his sepulcher by night and by nourishing himself "at the veins of some sleek and sanguine juvenal" live horribly forever. Such a one is your Vampire and of course, his pendant is to be found in the opposite sex. Having, by a strange elliptical process of thought, arrived at this postulation, Summers then gives authenticated cases of such pests, explains that to be rid of them, they must be decapitated or riven through with a stake and so on for many pages of description of methods used all over the world. In this he is inexcusably tedious, but he is his delightful self once more when at the end of the chapter entitled "The Vampire in Assyria, Etc." he observes awesomely that "it is hard to believe that a phenomenon which has had so complete a hold over nations both old and young, in all parts of the world, at all times of history, has not some underlying and horrible truth, however rare this may be in its more remarkable manifestations"—a remark of which it is easy to make mock, but which, nevertheless, presents the author to us in an engaging light. It is a great mercy to find to-day so great a Romantic active in research, however poorly requited. Right now I will bet a good cigar that Montague Summers, when he read M. R. James's "Count Magnus," sat up all night with the light on and chose not to suspect why the floor creaked.

But not to treat this question too lightly, I must point out that as an addition to Vampiristic literature, Summers's work, while amusing, leaves something to be desired. It has not, for instance, the authentic smack of personal experience one finds in the writings of Stanislas de Guita, who was, if you believe it, nightly beset by Succubi, or the intellectual appeal of Huysmans's "Là-bas" with its thoroughly convincing satanist, Canon Docre. It suffers, as I have pointed out, chiefly from a lack of pertinent material, but there are other, if lesser, flaws. Thus Summers, avowedly to make clear to us

the precise physical composition of the Vampire, denotes an incredibly lengthy space to that sort of anecdotal folklore, which is the most hard to bear. He deposes in his accustomed temper, which is solemn, the following intelligences: "John Wodroephe in 'The Spared Hours of a Soldier in his Travels' Dort. 1623, quotes: 'Garde toi bien des hommes rousseaux, des femmes barbues, et des ceux qui sont marqués aux visages!' I have not met with the following tradition, save orally, but it is believed in Serbia, Bulgaria and Rumania, that there are certain red-polled Vampires who are called 'children of Judas' and that these, the foulest of the foul, kill their victim with one bite or kiss which drains the blood as it were at a single draught." And another: "A vampire is generally described as being exceedingly gaunt and lean with a hideous countenance and eyes wherein are glinting the red fires of perdition. When, however, he has satiated his lust for warm human blood his body becomes horribly puffed and bloated, as though he were some great leech gorged and replete to bursting. Cold as ice, or it may be fevered and burning as a hot coal, the skin is deathly pale, but the lips are very full and rich, blub and red; the teeth white and gleaming, and the canine teeth wherewith he bites deep into the neck of his prey to suck thence the vital streams which re-animate his body and invigorate all his forces, appear notably sharp and pointed. Often, his mouth curls back in a vulpine snarl which bares these fangs, 'a gaping mouth and gleaming teeth,' says Leone Allacci, and so in many districts the hare-lipped are avoided as being certainly Vampires."

Dreary stuff, all this, and there are pages crammed with like information. But the very sincerity employed relieves them of complete dullness. I cannot believe that in this business of the Vampire there is Summers's fellow alive to-day. Or certainly no one so equipped as to be able to persuade a publisher to lend distribution to beliefs for some centuries non-intelligently bestowed. When, after we have wandered through an iniquitously verbose bibliography and index, we finger the last page of this volume, we are put to it to recall that this whole plexus of legend and tradition derives vitality from the strictly physiological fact of the existence of a certain species of bat familiar to the inhabitants of Chile.

"Devils, Drugs and Doctors" commands a far more serious consideration. We deal here with no charnel fancies puffed into a sort of importance by eccentric though active intellects. Howard W. Haggard, in a volume compact with credible information, traces through history the development, from a mere scientific protoplasm, of the modern medical idea. In so doing, it is the question primarily of childbirth which engages his attention. The multiplex agonies, manipulations, hazards and strange septic precautions with which woman was hedged in during the past, when her time was upon her, give the author of this work cues for narrative passages which are of the first importance, if not as news, then certainly as entertainment. It would be idle to enumerate the headings of the

material which composes this volume, but to sum up the strange wealth of gynecological wisdom here displayed, one has only to cite the fact that Julius Cæsar, fondly believed by thousands to have been the subject of that operation which bears his name, was not so at all and was born into the world quite as other children were and are and with no added surgical details.

But apart from this, Haggard performs a service for biographical letters which has long wrongfully been neglected. In this hour of repeated effort to perpetuate the lives of men and women scarcely significant, he gives us the outlines of a career illustrious in its own epoch and doubly so to-day. Ambroise Paré, the sixteenth-century French surgeon, laid the foundation of modern surgery and constituted the threshold to the endless corridor of general medical development which ennobles the present age. Paré, a short man, spare and without any of those physical excellencies so fondly coveted by contemporaries, lived humbly, practising a profession by most considered necromantic, in a time when a white signal upon the hat might save one from assassination and when obscurity of purpose recommended one for the gibbet. A Huguenot, he escaped the butchery of Saint Bartholomew, probably because it was felt that a man so singularly preoccupied with the ills of the body could not with justice be asked to celebrate regularly either mass or protestant observance, since he cured Catholic and Protestant alike. When the blades were out, during the League, for any man or woman who was not liege to the Guise, Paré walked absentmindedly before the Louvre, saying to clerks that without the Cardinal of Lorraine, Francis II might have been cut and cured of his mastoid. The diseased and degenerate children of Henry II, spurred perpetually to psychopathic frenzies by Catherine, their mother, owed their brief years of life to the undistinguished-looking little bourgeois who might have saved Francis had not the Guise otherwise decided, who did cure Charles IX of several hideous complaints, and who could have saved Henry III had his scalpel and not the royal thumb, thrust back the entrail into the bloody scar made by the knife of Clement.

Paré—in a day when a great Queen kept an astrologer like a kenneled dog in three rooms in a constantly patrolled château, and believed that when a shooting-star flamed over Paris the massacre of thousands, religiously otherwise minded than herself, was demanded—ordered the Medici to quit the room when her Florentine ecstasies of grief disturbed his speculations and told the House of Lorraine in the person of Henry the Scarred, that the death of a King was due not to the will of God but to a lance-head.

The enormous effrontery of acts such as these cannot be appreciated unless one is well founded in the history of France as reigned over by the last Valois. If discussion of Haggard's book has become confined to a note in praise of Paré, it is because the man has long merited documented tribute and finds a little of it in this volume. Haggard, I believe, should have written the biography of Ambroise and let the Devils and the Drugs go by the board.

These Devils and Drugs, however, are, in this work, described and catalogued with illuminating precision. The mandrake, with its delightful root shaped like a forlorn little man or woman and which when plucked screeched in such wise that whoever heard suffered; the sow-bug which, placed alive in a quart of wine, cured all maladies according to Cotton Mather; this devil, that drug, capable of horrid or beneficent dominion, are all recorded and most entertainingly. Haggard, with his illustrations has done great things. He gives us cuts of obstetrical chairs older in conception than the authorship of Genesis, and representations of medieval medical appliances astonishing to behold. His text where it is descriptive, is excellent. When he succumbs to a very natural desire to preach he is of course less effective, but as a whole, his work is notable and worthy of a comprehensive circulation.

Commander Edward Ellsberg in "On the Bottom" achieves as fine a narrative of a highly specialized form of human endeavor as has been published since De Kruif described the labors of great scientists in the "Microbe Hunters."

It tells of the salvage, the raising from the ocean floor where it lay bedded in blue clay and sand, of the submarine S.51, sunk by the steamship *City of Rome* on a November night some three or four years ago. It contains every concomitant of thrilling narrative and is achieved, moreover, with so diminished a sense of melodrama and so lucid a simplicity of style that one suspects its author of having studied much of authorship between dives. Commander Ellsberg, a short, muscular, swarthy man with very dark fine eyes, a bold nose and a somber, meditative mouth, told, some time ago at a large banquet, of some of his experiences though not of those recounted in his book. He spoke, while his listeners marveled, of the diver who came to the surface from his work on a submerged rum-runner and who, when his ponderous helmet was unscrewed and his equally cumbersome suit removed appeared as full of contraband spirits as the bottles which had contained them, and so mystified his messmates that they forgot their envy to plead with him uselessly to explain this wonder. The explanation on the Commander's tongue, was as amusing as the rest, and his audience, as I remember, laughed loudly for minutes. The anecdote, a true one, cast on the subject of diving, a pleasant and certainly not awesome light. Told at a banquet it was fitting to the occasion. But in "On the Bottom" there is little laughter. The tragedy of the eighteen officers and men in the flooded compartments of their battered, tubular tomb, the heroism of the men who risked drowning, or paralysis and death from the "bends," or being smashed to jelly in their helmets, in order that the bodies of the victims might be returned to their families for burial in familiar earth, in order that the Government might profit and the Country take pride in their victory over the sea, makes for no levity. Diving to salvage the S.51 composes one of the greatest achievements ever recorded by any naval unit in the world.

For an example of what Ellsberg

and his men had to face day in and day out during two seasons, witness this one experience of a member of the diving-ship *Falcon's* crew, the man Frazer.

"'Stop heaving! Frazer is foul of the hook!'

"On deck we looked at each other in consternation. Whatever we did, Frazer was in a tight place, either from 'bends' or from a 'squeeze.' We started instantly to lower very gently.

"Meanwhile, Frazer, dangling from the hook ten feet above his head, felt himself stop. He was seventy feet from the bottom. He could see the slack in his life-line hanging in a loop on the other side of the hook, which, much magnified as he saw it through the water, was not quite overhead. He streamed away from it a trifle, carried over by the current. If his lines came off the hook he would have a free fall to the bottom.

"Frazer had been diving many years; visions of divers who had been 'squeezed' before shot across his mind; the victims always had to be dug out of their helmets—jelly.

"Frazer felt himself start slowly down, then, to his horror, his life-line slipped free of the hook. No longer supported, his lines now all slack, weighted down with two hundred pounds of lead and copper, he started a swift plunge into the abyss. His suit clung to his body; he felt as if encased in a form-fitting mold which was quickly shrinking on him; his ribs started to collapse. A little more pressure as he shot lower and it would be the end.

"In this extremity, beyond all help from others, Frazer thought swiftly. One thing alone could save him, compressed air. Plunging through the depths, death but a few seconds away, Frazer swung one hand to the control valve over his left breast. He gripped the valve handle, turned it wide open. Under high pressure a stream of air rushed through his helmet, ballooned out his suit. In spite of lead shoes and heavy diving rig, his distended suit was now buoyant. He stopped sinking, hung suspended in the water, then released a little air and floated gently down to the bottom of the sea. He landed in the midst of a school of fishes, which swam around him excitedly. His head was dizzy, his chest felt weak, his ear-drums ached, nearly burst from the rapid variations of pressure they had undergone.

"Frazer looked around. Several feet away the hull of the S.51 loomed up, half buried in the ocean bottom. A few steps across the hard sand, and he leaned against her bilges while he pulled himself together.

"A frayed line was hanging down the side near him. Lightening up a little, he dragged himself on board. Nearby was Smith, half crazed with anxiety about his fate. In relief Smith hugged his shipmate. The startled fish eyed them curiously."

Now here is fine simple narrative of a terrific experience packed with implications of the character of the man who survived it. "On the Bottom" is filled with precisely such notable passages. In a day when strangely fabulous volumes of alleged personal adventure have suddenly achieved the distinction of serious if credulous criticism, Ellsberg's book, true talk from cover to cover, cannot be valued too highly.

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INDEX

TO

THE CENTURY MAGAZINE

VOL. CXVIII NEW SERIES: XCVI

		PAGE
America and Europe	*Aldous Huxley*	328
Better Jobs and More of Them	*William Trufant Foster* / *Waddill Catchings*	277
Blue Gentian	*William Hurlbut*	61
Christine's Last Party	*Vincent Sheean*	148
Citizenship, The Recovery of	*Harold J. Laski*	257
Davey's Gal	*Charles Edward Smith*	230
Doctor's Medicine Kit, The	*Bessie Bunzel*	176
Educating the Will	*Charles Baudouin*	335
England and the Russian Revolution	*Sir Charles Trevelyan*	13
Equality, What Is Sex	*Ethel M. Smith*	96
Europe, America and	*Aldous Huxley*	328
Federal Reserve, The	*Louis T. McFadden*	193
Feminine Modernism	*Marcia Lewis Leach*	222
Fighting for Its Life	*Sydney A. Clark*	52
Gay Dangerfields, The	*Lyle Saxon*	489

Have You a Detective in Your Home.....*John Farrar*..... 84

Idealism in Legislation.....*Annie Osborn*..... 34
Indictment of Prohibition, The.....*Joseph S. Auerbach*..... 129
Inescapable Galilean, The.....*Winifred Kirkland*..... 110
III—The Great Conjecture
Intellectual Carelessness .....*Charles Franklin Thwing*.. 56
I've Been Reading.....*Herbert Gorman*..... 250
I've Been Reading.....*Henry Hazlitt*..... 122
I've Been Reading.....*Cameron Rogers*..... 507

Jew, Why Hate the.....*Silas Bent*..... 25

Legislation, Idealism in.....*Annie Osborn*..... 34
Lost Art of Motion Pictures, The.....*Katherine Fullerton Gerould* 496

Mahatma Gandhi, The Return of.....*John Haynes Holmes*..... 290
Making Real the Pact of Paris.....*George W. Wickersham*... 141
Middle West Is Middle West.....*Lewis F. Carr*..... 41
Modern's Search in Science, A.....*S. T.*.....90, 241
Mood and Countermood.....*Countee Cullen*..... 375
Moonshiners .....*Francis Lynde*..... 402
Motion Pictures, The Lost Art of.....*Katherine Fullerton Gerould* 496

Neither Jew nor Greek.....*William M. John*..... 421
New Voyage to Laputa, A.....*Quentin Gulliver*..... 344

Old Soldiers, The.....*Elizabeth Corbett*..... 455
On Being Bored.....*Lee S. Gunter*..... 120
Other Side of It, The.....*Gilbert Seldes*..... 297

Pact of Paris, Making Real the.....*George W. Wickersham*... 141
Paradise of the Working-Man, The.....*Annie Osborn*..... 166
Parrot, The .....*Vincent Sheean*..... 394
Passing of the Scientific Era, The.....*John Wright Buckham*.... 432
Pearl to Pawn, A.....*Avery Strakosch*..... 107
Poor Wise Man, The.....*Hugh A. Studdert Kennedy* 477
Portrait of a Charming Person.....*Irwin Edman*..... 439
Prohibition, The Indictment of.....*Joseph S. Auerbach*..... 129
Psychotherapy .....*William Brown*..... 1

		PAGE
Radio's Accomplishment	*M. H. Aylesworth*	214
Rare Books	*Adam Day*	444
Rebuilding the Foundations	*E. E. Free*	376
Recovery of Citizenship, The	*Harold J. Laski*	257
Red Ripe's Squaw	*Interpreted by Thomas B. Marquis*	201
Return of Mahatma Gandhi, The	*John Haynes Holmes*	290
Russian Revolution, England and the	*Sir Charles Trevelyan*	13
Science and Spiritual Perspective	*George D. Birkhoff*	156
Second Impulse, The	*Faraday Keene*	367
Skin for Skin	*Fiswoode Tarleton*	316
Slavery in the South To-day	*Winifred Kirkland*	358
South To-day, Slavery in the	*Winifred Kirkland*	358
Table Talk		80, 210, 354, 451
Tattle-Tale	*Inez Haynes Irwin*	465
Teachers Cranky, What Makes	*One Of Them*	469
Treasures on Earth	*Elisabeth Finley Thomas*	270
Turkish Republic, The	*Agaoglu Ahmet*	479
Twenty Twenty-Nine, In	*The Earl of Birkenhead*	385
Twilight of Science, The	*Bertrand Russell*	311
Unseen World, The	*Frederic Rogers Kellogg*	227
Victim of Circumstances, A	*Roland English Hartley*	185
What Is Sex Equality	*Ethel M. Smith*	96
What Makes Teachers Cranky	*One Of Them*	469
When the Reader Writes		128
Why Hate the Jew	*Silas Bent*	25
Woman Who Never Was, The	*Louise Lambertson*	18
Women as Honest Grafters	*Ida M. Tarbell*	303
Woodrow Wilson	*William E. Brooks*	410
Your Child and Mine	*Josephine Daskam Bacon*	285

VERSE

At the Lift of the Dark Baton ..... *May Lewis* 12
Baptist ..... *Elizabeth Atkins* 284
Cerelle ..... *Margaret Belle Houston* ... 408
Crossing the Atlantic ..... *Anne Lloyd* 315
Diver and the Sponge, The ..... *Helen Shotwell* 334
Enough ..... *Margaret Emerson Bailey* .. 393
Gettysburg ..... *Edgar Lee Masters* 175
Inevitable ..... *Charles Hanson Towne* ... 366
Instructor in French ..... *Elizabeth Atkins* 33
Lesson in Love, A ..... *Roselle Mercier Montgomery* 464
Little Christ, The ..... *Elizabeth Newport Hepburn* 155
Manhattan ..... *Anne Lloyd* 147
Polyglot ..... *Isabel McLennan McMeekin* 106
School-Girl ..... *Sonia Ruthèle Novák* 420
Simon the Pharisee ..... *William E. Brooks* 121
Skepticism ..... *Ruth Forbes Eliot* 269
Studio ..... *Keith Sterling* 327
Sunlight, and a Long Bright Wind ..... *Grace Noll Crowell* 450
Swan-Song ..... *Roselle Mercier Montgomery* 302
Vigil ..... *Wilbert Snow* 50
Wings ..... *Mazie V. Caruthers* 192